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*We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Lord Cromer has made his first speech as a party politician. His address to the Unionist Free Trade Club is a definite plunge into party politics. It is late in the day for him to take to a new element, but the wisdom of the step is his business, and not ours. Lord Cromer is not less for the State because he is now also for a party; but the fact stands that he is now for a party as well as for the State, whereas his life up till now has been only for the State. The difference may be only sentimental—it may even be a fallacy—but we fancy there is something in it. His speech, though obviously on a different plane from the regular political speech of whatever quality, did show in places that even the most blameless man cannot touch pitch without being tarred. It jars on one, Lord Cromer echoing cheap cries—everything will cost more; taxes for army and navy will go up; the nations will be set by the ears; in short general ruin, if this country varies a hair's breadth from its present tariff system.

It is, of course, natural that Lord Cromer should cling to the old economics. He was brought up under the glamour of that dispensation's prime. He has been away a long time; he does not realise the changes that have been going on; he is living in an England that is past. He has an inkling of this himself, and wisely left alone the purely economic side of his subject. On its international aspect he, if any man, has a right to speak. We do not brush aside as nothing his view that a policy of preference would endanger our good relations with other Powers, and hinder our doing in the future the sort of good work we have done in Egypt. But Lord Cromer let his opinion rest on his own authority—an argument we admit. He should, however, have gone deeper. Where is the evidence that free trade makes

for peace? Which of recent wars has arisen out of import duties? Did any of the Prussian wars—with Austria, with Denmark, with France? Did Louis Napoleon's Italian war with Austria? Did the Russo-Turkish war? the Spanish-American? or the Russo-Japanese or our own South African war? Put it another way. Britain, the only free trade country, has had more wars during the last half-century than most protectionist countries.

Lord Cromer's free trade friends will not thank him for his declaration on old-age pensions. If he has proved anything, he has proved that they cannot be granted. This is the free trade contribution to social reform. How is the money to be found? More direct taxation, the free traders' plan, he dismisses as impossible; indirect taxation as unlikely and hurtful; the socialist plan as blue ruin. Like his amateur conjurer who cut up the hat without restoring it, Lord Cromer “can only do the cutting-up part”. But both Radicals and tariff reformers think they know what to do. The unhappy free trade Unionists Lord Cromer has sterilised. They cannot pile up income-tax; they are ashamed to try import duties; but, unlike the unjust steward, they are not resolved what they will do.

In present circumstances this gathering was not convenient. Lord Cromer rejoices in the toleration of free traders in the Unionist party; and then is maladroit enough to speak of this toleration as a stepping-stone to shelving the whole tariff question. If we, and others, who are against excommunicating free traders, thought for a moment that their toleration would lead to the shelving of tariff reform, we should be for excluding them to a man. Lord Cromer's words will not make it easier for tolerant tariff reformers to persuade others who regard Unionist free traders as a danger to be rid of. Lord Cromer's friends should remember that not one of them can get into Parliament except by sufferance of tariff reformers. An aggressive attitude on their part will help neither them nor peace.

Lord Milner's speech at Rugby on Tuesday shows him to be amongst the Unionist leaders who look on

social reform as a corollary of tariff reform. He spoke of himself as "not a recent convert to tariff reform"; a sly reference which amused his hearers. They laughed too when he described himself as perhaps more of a Radical than they would approve. Radical programmes have before this made some people unreasonably anxious, as "socialistic" programmes are doing now, but there are social programmes which are neither. Lord Milner's is one. He was far from timid, he said, on questions of domestic reform as against those who thought that the electorate was going to be easily misled. Lord Milner would like to know why, as the Unionists are not a class but a national party, should they not have Unionist Labour members as well as Radical?

Mr. Asquith broke out the other day into originality. He spoke of the salting of Mr. Balfour's tail. We rather suspect this tail and salting metaphor cost Mr. Asquith some midnight oil. It seems, however, that the jest is at the expense not of Mr. Balfour after all, because his tail has not been salted, but at the expense of certain pronounced, if friendly, critics of Mr. Balfour. We are bound to say this however—that if Mr. Balfour displays agility in withdrawing his tail from the salters, Mr. Asquith easily outstrips him in the same game. For clever dodging, Mr. Asquith's description of the socialism he is ready to go with, and the socialism he is resolved to hold aloof from, really is a masterpiece. So long as socialism only affects liberty negatively, he can support it as a Liberal; directly it affects liberty positively, he will have nothing to do with it.

The beauty of this talk about positive and negative liberty is that it seems to mean a great deal, sounds tremendously logical, and yet it means nothing at all. Mr. Balfour, in his speech the other day, proposed to question Mr. Asquith in the House of Commons about the division between positive and negative liberty and socialism. We fancy if he does he will find it lies somewhere in the penumbral zone between fact and fiction. Mr. Asquith himself declined to refer to the matter in his speech this week. Wisely so. There is no such division in the world of "actualities", and Mr. Asquith knows this perfectly well. One might as well talk of points where positive Unionism becomes negative Unionism. Mr. Birrell might as well try to contrive, to please the Nationalists, a clear dividing line between positive cattle-driving and negative cattle-driving. But to think that so good a Liberal as Mr. Asquith should temper with the sacred word of Liberty! "O Liberty"—if, like Mr. Asquith, we may venture on originality—"what things are done in thy name!"

Nice precautions were taken to keep the suffragettes from damming the stream of Mr. Haldane's oratory on Wednesday. Only people with tickets were allowed to enter. The plan seemed quite successful. Not a single lady was hammered. Yet before Mr. Haldane was half through, the stewards—as the "chuckers-out" are by courtesy called—were busy. It seems that the suffragettes, not able to get in themselves, had sent male representatives. At any rate Mr. Haldane was heckled about the woman's franchise by several men who had to be lugged out of the hall before order ruled again.

We have no sympathy with the tactics of the terrogant. In old days the froward suffragette would probably have been put in the stocks as a common scold. They really pass all bounds of good behaviour. They are forcing many people who have been not unkindly disposed towards the woman's franchise into strong opponents. The Conservatives might no doubt win many votes by throwing themselves warmly into the Woman's Suffrage movement now, but its leaders have made this impossible. Conservatives cannot drive bargains with anarchy. At the same time, we cannot profess to be grieved at the awkward position the Liberals are in. They may fling every woman out of their meetings, but what is the use of this if the suffragettes inoculate their male friends? We expect to hear

before long of other male suffragettes besides those who distressed Mr. Haldane.

English statesmen are notorious offenders against the theory of "too old at forty" which is much favoured to-day by the unsuccessful young. They have an objectionable habit of going on till they are well on the way to eighty; and we doubt whether on the whole England has suffered by the tradition that the Cabinet should be largely reserved for politicians who have passed their salad days. At the same time statesmen of seventy and upwards ought to remember that they cannot strain their powers with impunity as they could at half that age. The Prime Minister has just found this out, and it is not surprising that he has been ordered to cancel his engagements between now and the meeting of Parliament. So the Censor of Plays has a reprieve. We should not wonder if he outlived all his playwright foes, in the end to gain like Lady Ashton a monument extolling all his virtues whilst theirs go unrecorded.

The Cabinet Council last week decided that Parliament should be opened on 29 January. It seems to have dawned on somebody shortly after this date was announced that the 29th will be a Wednesday. As Tuesday is by modern tradition the day on which a session should begin, it was evidently expected that it would be altered to 28 January, and a communiqué, apparently authorised, was put out saying that it would. But the next day Sir Arthur Ponsonby writes, "No alteration has been made. The announcement that the date will be altered is therefore entirely unauthorised." It is an amusing muddle. Tuesday by the way was originally fixed, owing to Wilberforce not wanting people to travel on Sunday.

Of Mr. Evelyn Ashley it could not be said, as Sheldon said of his ancestor, that "he has the curse of the Gospel, for all men speak well of him". He was not indeed a very popular person in politics, and he was unsuccessful—extraordinarily so—in his latter attempts to get back to the House of Commons. He could not deal with the Rowcliffs of political life as Palmerston dealt with them. Mr. Ashley had a certain charm of manner and presence. He had pleasant culture, and could be delightful as a host; and as a Liberal, he had some distinction in politics. His character sketch of his old chief Lord Palmerston was admirable. Palmerston, he declared truly, was a great man chiefly in the sense that he was so complete a man.

Since Mr. Chamberlain's appointment as Colonial Secretary in 1895 the Colonial Office has been reorganised, and it needed it. Twenty years ago the Colonial Office was the most dilatory and the worst managed of all our Government offices—which is saying a good deal—because it was undermanned. The growth of our colonies demanded an increase of staff, and a division into departments. Mr. C. P. Lucas had charge of the West Indian department, introduced order into chaos, and received all visitors who had business in the West Indies with courtesy and animated intelligence. Now the Dominions department has been created to deal with the affairs of the self-governing colonies, and Mr. Lucas has been decorated and promoted to this more important job. The dinner of the West Indian Club, of which Sir Nevile Lubbock is the active chairman, gave Mr. Chamberlain the opportunity of paying by letter a handsome and well-deserved tribute to Sir Charles Prestwood Lucas. He is indeed, as the late Secretary of State writes, "the best type" of those permanent officials who rule the Empire from their desks. Sir Charles Lucas has, in addition to his office work, written a history of the colonies; he is a first class Balliol man, and must have been the contemporary at that college (or very nearly so) of his present chief, Lord Elgin.

There is nothing surprising about the triumph of Unie in the Orange River Colony elections, unless it be that the Constitutionalists and Independents have won eight seats instead of six out of thirty-eight. For all practical purposes the country districts have voted



solidly Dutch, the quartette of Constitutionalists being returned by the capital. Unfortunately little in the way of a check on the programme of the dominant party is to be hoped for from the Legislative Council. The Governor has nominated none but well-known men, but of the eleven members five are avowed Constitutionalists and five supporters of Unie, whilst the eleventh was a member of the Free State Government, and is a brother-in-law of Mr. Steyn. With the balance in such hands there is not even the modified guarantee provided by the Transvaal Council against hasty or merely racial legislation. Perhaps Mr. Dewdney Drew, whose rôle in South Africa seems to be to fight the Government, may see his way to join the Constitutionalists, and so give them a majority in the Council. That however is a very slender reed.

The Douma has not yet come to actual business. Much of what may happen depends on how the numerous parties, the Right, the Octobrists, and the Constitutional Democrats, settle their relations one with another. So far in the election of candidates for the bureau of the Douma, the Octobrists have voted with the Right, whose nominees have been elected. But this policy of acting with the Right, which M. Gutchkoff, the leader of the Octobrists, has so far adopted, is not approved by a section of his party: there has been a secession which has increased the strength of the Constitutional Democrats. M. Gutchkoff appears to think he might tame the Right by absorbing them. If he fails, and he is deserted by his party, M. Stolypin's difficulties will be increased by the strengthening of the parties whose main object is the pushing of Constitutionalism. They would of course be lessened if M. Gutchkoff, who is thought to be aiming at inclusion in the Ministry, should make the party amenable to the Right. The debate on the Address may be decisive.

It is not easy for English people to take the political situation in Portugal quite seriously. It appears to them to be a tempest in a teaspoon in the course of which, constitutionally, "the bowsprit gets mixed with the rudder sometimes". A firm and benign Government under the sovereign's nominee without the aid of Parliament—this we can all take gravely; but what are we to think when such a fine old Tory arrangement is bitterly opposed by the Tory party? Roughly, this is the state of things in Portugal just now. Conservative, Liberal, and Republican parties led by Senhor Julio de Vilhena, the Conservative statesman, are solidly opposed to the rule of Senhor de Castro under the King. English people thought in their insularity that they knew everything that was to be known about the party system of Conservatism and Liberalism and constitutional government. Portugal shows us that we knew only the possibilities of our own system.

If the accounts of the Italian cause célèbre give at all a fair statement of the evidence that has been produced against Signor Nasi and of his failure to answer it, the scene which he and his advocates have made is explicable. Counsel have made a dramatic exit, protesting that the partizanship of the Court has denied the Signor a fair trial, and they will make no further useless attempts to obtain justice for their client. It is not improbable that a Court which must include many of Signor Nasi's personal and political enemies and whose chief is not a trained judge is not a model Court; but when we find that the line of defence on some of the charges is that what Signor Nasi did has been done by previous Ministers it is not very convincing. A beginning must be made some time; and the defence is one which from the time of Francis Bacon has been considered too irrelevant to be taken seriously. Signor Nasi's accusation of unfairness against the Italian tribunal is just the thing to please his Sicilian admirers.

Chinese Ministers abroad have not very much power; and the best men are not usually sent to occupy diplomatic positions. But the new Minister in London, Li-Ching-fang, is rather an exception to the rule. Nephew and adopted son of Li-Hung-Chang, he is of considerable mark in the Chinese official world, though not a member of the Chinese hereditary nobility. He is a graduate of the second degree—a high academic distinction for the time when Li-Ching-fang took his

degree. He is a fluent English speaker and a prominent member of the party of progress—not to be confused with the "Young China" party.

The Americans cannot complain if their present financial embarrassment is the cause in Europe of a little secret chuckling, of a good deal of open head-shaking, and of some rather Pharisaical comparisons of business methods. Modesty never was the strong point of our energetic cousins, and their millionaires, and their trusts, and their record-beating and undefeatable prosperity had been thrust down our throats till the gorge rose. Their position is for the moment humiliating, and is simply the result of recklessness in speculation, in production, in personal expenditure, and in borrowing. How can we be surprised that small and unsophisticated depositors draw their savings out of the "trusts" and banks, when for the last twelve months they have been fed on revelations of the robberies by "smart" financiers? The cure for all this is not the issue of more paper bonds or certificates, but the curtailment of personal expenditure, of speculation, of production, and of borrowing. To suppose that the frightened gold-hoarder, who refuses to invest in first-class railway bonds yielding 5 and 6 per cent., will invest in 2 per cent. Panama bonds is absurd.

It is one thing to agree, as everybody does agree, that the Port of London must be taken out of private hands. It is quite another to draft a scheme which shall be acceptable to the many interests directly or indirectly involved. Mr. Lloyd George's Bill follows pretty much on the lines of that introduced by Mr. Balfour's Government, and is little likely to prove more acceptable to the traders of London and others concerned. The compulsory acquisition of the docks, without the compulsory acquisition of warehouses, is sure to be strenuously opposed on the ground of unfair competition, particularly as the competition will be rate-aided. A suggested solution of the Port difficulty is a Board mainly consisting of representatives of ship owners and payers of dues, armed with, say, the present powers of the Thames Conservancy, and charged with the duty of bringing in a bill which, in their judgment as business men, would meet the necessities of the case.

The inquiry into the West Hampstead collision was important because the explanation of the signalman Hollis was that the accident was caused by a certain kind of defect in the signalling machinery. It would have been extraordinary in Major Pringle's opinion if this had been so, as it would have been the only case he had ever known; and other mechanical evidence was given to show that the explanation was not valid. Hollis has been arrested and will have to stand his trial for manslaughter.

What must occur to everyone is the extraordinary responsibility thrown on an ordinary working man in Hollis' position. After seventeen years' employment he makes a mistake which may in itself be not different from an everyday mistake that anybody may make; but its consequences are worlds apart, and he must be tried for manslaughter. One wonders that the very sense of the possibilities does not unnerve a man. How ridiculous it seems to talk of paying people according to the responsibility of their employment! The clerk, whose responsibility is nil in comparison, gets more than a man like Hollis, on whom hundreds of people depend for their lives. How rottenly conventional our estimates of the value of different men's services and responsibilities to society are!

Children below a certain age ought never to be allowed to enter a public-house. The age might well be put at twelve or even fourteen. The "Tribune" has been closely attending to this matter of late, and the reports of the chief constables in various large towns prove that children of all ages are taken by their mothers to the gin-palaces and beer-shops, and that children in arms are often stupefied with sips to keep them quiet. The State ought to put an end to this at once. We have never been in favour of "robbing a poor man of his beer", but a baby ought to be robbed

without compunction. Here indeed is a liquor question that surely could be dealt with promptly and fully without a party fight. But we fear that many of the people to whom Mr. Lloyd George has been preaching temperance are so keen to strike at a trade which does not love the Liberal party that they will not trouble much about the "cry of the children" in the public-house.

It is a sign of the times in both senses that a leading article in the "Times" should criticise Bishop Straton almost sharply for his attitude to his ritualistic clergy. Right or wrong on the particular issue of eucharistic vestments, Bishop Straton is bound in decency to treat his clergy civilly and not to refer them to legal officers. Standing on the letter of the law is petty pedantry when the law is admittedly suspect, and a Royal Commission has advised a reconstruction of the Court, and at least suggested the advisability of making permissible the very use out of which all the trouble has arisen.

As the prosecution of Mr. H. Druce is so closely connected with the Druce claim to the Portland title and estates, there is piquancy in reading the accounts of the brilliant scenes at Welbeck in the underground ballroom built by the Duke who is asserted to have been Druce of the Baker Street Bazaar. In this remarkable case the stories are stranger than fiction. The mysteries of "Oliver Twist" or "Edwin Drood" are not more melodramatic than those narrated by living persons who have shown us Dickens himself personally playing a part in a drama which, if it were as they state, would transcend his own creations. But the heart of the mystery is in that closed coffin which no one can open. While reading the elaborate examination and cross-examination of witnesses, the undercurrent of every reader's thought must be running on the coffin: the sphinx that has the key to the riddle.

Mr. Plowden's retinue of smart women is too obvious. We remember the social and class prejudices which the Tichborne case excited, and it is not difficult to foresee similar possibilities arising out of the Druce case. Mr. Plowden's jauntiness may please the sort of attorneys who usually practise in his court; but he is dealing for once with a very big issue, and his demeanour should show a nicer appreciation of the fact. The jocular note jars even when wit is there. There is wit now and again, as in the remark that it must have been the water-mark which made Miss Robinson's diary look as if it had come out of the ark.

How secretly relieved many of us would be if it were suddenly discovered by some legal genius that by tipping our friends' servants, by tipping waiters, porters, postmen—by tipping, in short, anybody—we come "within the Act". O that the meshes of that Act were very fine indeed and very widely spread! This feeling, we fancy, represents accurately enough the secret attitude of the harassed tipster, especially as Christmas draws near. But Sir Edward Fry, who has been writing to the press on this matter, gives the ordinary private and uncommercial tipster no hope of relief. We may tip to any extent, tip all and sundry, so we be not corrupt. Roughly, it comes to this: that, at Christmas say, we can give away freely and safely to every tip-able person. The one thing we have to be careful of is that we get no substantial profit out of our gifts. There is a society to protect the income-tax payer; we are not sure that a society to protect the private tipping classes might not prove more useful.

The Franco-British Exhibition is to be a big thing. On Thursday Mr. T. P. O'Connor seemed to be in some doubt as to its acreage, but he gave the delightfully Irish assurance that it would be "half a mile from end to end throughout". England and France together should be able to make a decent show, for, as Sir John Cockburn said, France is the home of exhibitions and England led the way in making them international. The record will, however, have to be European: thank heaven! we cannot compete with "Chicawgo" and "world's expositions". Of course there are to be "Olympic" games, and a stadium is being erected to "accommodate eighty thousand persons". What a pity there isn't a Colosseum, too, to seat two hundred thousand!

#### THE UNIONIST SETTLEMENT.

THE week's harvest of comments, in the clubs and in the press, on Mr. Balfour's speech seems to show beyond all doubt that if he has been nothing else, Mr. Balfour has been extraordinarily successful. At any rate he has brought off precisely the effect every good Unionist must desire. He has satisfied his friends and dissatisfied his enemies. Liberal inability to find a lead in Mr. Balfour's speech was thoroughly discounted long before Mr. Balfour spoke. In any case, it was really no business of any supporter of the present Government whether he could find any lead in Mr. Balfour's speech or not. He would hardly look to the chief of the Opposition for a line. Still the Government papers all talked about not finding any "lead" in the speech: we suppose they meant "light". Aye, but the light they wanted was a flashlight that would show them the exact position of all the Unionist forces, so that they could know with certainty whence to expect attack, and where with most effect to deliver it. Unfortunately Mr. Balfour is not a fool; so they have to be content to remain in the dark. Possibly they have hopes, or they thought there was at any rate an off-chance, that Mr. Balfour would so state his fiscal policy as finally to split his party into pieces. They are disappointed altogether, and very naturally see nothing to praise in the speech. One highly respectable weekly, which at present seems unable to find a home in any party, tells us that if it were a tariff reformer, Mr. Balfour's speech would make it feel very uncomfortable. If it were a tariff reformer, we can quite imagine a weak constitution *sui generis* would leave it a victim to internal discomfort when every other tariff reformer was feeling unusually well. We would rather have tariff reformers' account of themselves than anybody's hypothesis on their behalf; and from their own testimony they seem to be in the highest spirits. Of course, certain malcontents, who at one time hoped to suck no small advantage out of intrigue against Mr. Balfour, have to be dissatisfied in some things, but all sting is drawn; only the hiss, and that a little one, remains. Even these people find it impossible to pretend any longer to doubt that Mr. Balfour means to carry through a tariff reform policy. Involuntarily, perhaps, they recognise his lead. But the main body of tariff reformers sans *qualité* are frankly delighted. They feel that Mr. Balfour has made a good deal explicit that was implicit before; he has made it plain that the regular Unionist party is a tariff reform party. And those who have entered Parliament as Balfourians, the largest Unionist contingent, practically all of whom were individually from the first in favour of tariff reform, are naturally glad that their leader has laid a number of unnecessary but none the less actual doubts. They are certainly in a freer position than they were. They can now take the platform as tariff reformers without fear of being misunderstood, either in a party or in a fiscal sense. And, still more remarkable, and even more satisfactory, Unionist free traders who have not broken with the party are pleased, too! They are fairly represented, we take it, by the "Yorkshire Post", which sees nothing in the speech to jib at. So everybody is happy.

How has Mr. Balfour performed this great feat? His Radical critics would say, of course, that it was by a method not unknown to ecclesiastical arrangements. He deliberately fashioned phrases which could be, and were intended to be, understood in different and even contradictory senses. Thus everyone could construe them to his own satisfaction. If Mr. Balfour did this, he would only be an extremely apt pupil of Mr. Gladstone. We certainly should not question Mr. Balfour's intellectual ability to do it; as a rhetorical exercise he might conceivably, though hardly after his touch with the realities of national life, find a pleasure in it; but we doubt if he would ever take the trouble to do it; and in any case we do not think he has done it. He said that he would immediately, if returned to power, call an Imperial Conference to discuss the possibilities of preferential tariffs. Can that be construed as meaning that he would *not* call a conference? The most enigmatic of stylists do not leave a negative to be understood. He said that



no article could be excluded from the possible category of import taxation; that the proportionate burden borne by the working classes should not be increased in the total; that raw materials were not to be taxed. These propositions do not mean two different things. It might be excepted that he did not define what raw materials were. But it is plain for practical purposes that he meant the raw materials of our staple manufactures. We do not deny that these statements are in outline only; but we do deny that they are equivocal. They leave a great deal to be filled in, and Mr. Balfour intended that the space should be left blank; and he was quite right. It is only a responsible Minister who can rightly be called on to fill in every space and produce a scheme. The actual scheme must depend on circumstances which the statesman in Opposition cannot accurately foresee, still less control. If Mr. Birrell had not filled in his education plan before the election, he would have avoided misleading the electorate and exposing himself to a very cogent charge of not playing straight. The main outlines which determine the general character of a policy can be laid down beforehand and the nation has a right to know them. Mr. Balfour has acknowledged the right and given the outlines within which his tariff policy must come. To them he is absolutely committed. So far from succeeding by wondrous finesse, we believe Mr. Balfour succeeded because he did not finesse at all, but saved himself all trouble by simply stating without qualification precisely what he meant and felt. Sometimes simplicity is the most successful finesse of all. When your opponent has discounted your subtlety, you will upset him if you are straight. After all it is not very hard to see how Unionist free traders and tariff reformers may both, from their respective points of view, be reassured by this speech. Free traders, because it shows that tariff reform is not protection; tariff reformers, because it shows that the sense in which Mr. Balfour is and calls himself a free trader is not incompatible with a tariff reform which would abolish the present system of unrestricted imports. The Unionist party is concentrating on the middle fiscal term which Mr. Balfour has always adopted.

There are still, it appears, tariff reformers, not intransigents, who are hardly assured of the party eirenicon. A letter in this week's "Correspondence" questions the test of Unionist loyalty we laid down last week. This was willingness to replace the present by a Unionist Government and to keep in power a Unionist Ministry to the exclusion of the Radicals. What, says our correspondent, if Lord Hugh Cecil (justly the classical case) should get into Parliament? Would he not seriously jeopardise the passing of tariff proposals, or at least gravely hamper the Government in its tariff policy? The situation does not seem to us very complex. Obviously to the next Unionist Government tariff measures will be a matter of ministerial life or death. If beaten on a first-rank tariff measure, the Ministry must resign. Therefore any Unionist who voted against the Government or did not vote for it on a critical tariff division would come within our definition of disloyalty. If the Unionist majority were large, a handful of fiscal dissentients (they cannot be more) would be absolved from voting on tariff proposals. But they must in any case save the Government from falling. How then can a Unionist free trader save both his fiscal conscience and his Government? That is for him to consider, not for the Unionist party. Every Unionist candidate may reasonably be required to give a pledge to do everything in his power to put and keep a Unionist Ministry in office. If he is against tariff reform, he must settle with himself whether he considers Unionist government or the existing fiscal system more important to preserve. If he feels that in any circumstances he cannot give a vote which would save a Unionist Ministry at the cost of free trade, he cannot honourably stand as a Unionist; he must stand as an independent. He would, in our view, be free to vote as he liked on fiscal questions, provided the life of the Government were not in danger; if it were, he must vote for the Ministry. Otherwise, whatever he calls himself, he is in fact an independent, not a member of the Government party.

#### MR. ROOSEVELT AND HIS RIVALS.

**M**OST people who have anything to lose are interested to-day in the politics of the United States. Whether or no the gallop to the financial abyss has been arrested for the moment by the shifts of the Administration it is not easy to say, but it is certain that the coming winter will show the American working classes in an unprecedentedly serious light. What effect it may have on party politics it is unwise to predict. One thing seems certain: it cannot make the existing Administration more popular though it may not shift the balance of power away from the Republicans. Desperate situations demand desperate remedies, and Mr. Cortelyou may have taken the only course possible. But it is perhaps hardly recognised in this country, beyond a very limited circle, how disquieting the financial crisis still remains. In Chicago the best-established firms find themselves unable to command delivery in return for anything but hard cash, and the remedies applied by Mr. Cortelyou are essentially of the same nature with the desperate devices of the French Revolution in its worst straits. There can of course be no doubt in this case of the ability of the Government to meet its engagements, but the "jumpy" state of the public mind does not augur well for the speedy restoration of confidence. In such crises Governments often suffer unjustly; the guilty and the innocent blame them alike, and Mr. Roosevelt seems likely to be buffeted both for his virtues and his faults. It also looks as if his party might be wounded the most sorely in the home of its particular friends. The State of New York is suffering more than any other from the financial crisis, and on that State a Presidential Election always turns. If it can be won by the Democrats they may carry the country, but if the Republicans carry it then the chance of the Democrats is gone.

As a rule the struggle is a fairly simple one. The bosses on both sides marshal the forces and give the sign of battle. It would seem this time as if the independent voter were at last to have his chance. For years past the Republican party has had the advantage of an overflowing war-chest and an unhampered programme. The silver heresies of Mr. Bryan and the personal popularity of Mr. Roosevelt have determined the last two contests. To-day Mr. Bryan has abandoned his heterodoxy on silver and Mr. Roosevelt's popularity is no longer the unimpeachable asset it has been. This is especially so in financial circles. The issue is therefore very much more complicated than it was, even supposing Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan were left face to face. But will they be? On this point alone there seems to be very serious doubt. Nobody, in the first place, feels quite sure that the President will stand again—in fact, he has repeatedly stated that he will not—and the outside world generally believed that Mr. Taft was to be his successor in the choice of the party. But Mr. Taft is starring it in the provinces, and seems to be cheerfully contemplating the possibility of the leading rôle at home passing to someone else. In fact, his position for the moment faintly but irresistibly reminds us of Lord Rosebery at certain stages of his meteoric career. He talks calmly and definitely of his cheerful assumption of a private position when the whole world expects him to be clutching at the sceptre. Who knows whether Mr. Taft may not at any moment suddenly start homewards and announce that the reporters have misunderstood him, and that nothing was ever farther from his thoughts than to give up his place in politics? He is the heir of the Roosevelt tradition and the representative of the legitimate Republican drama. Failing him, will the President stand again, or will some third person, only recently heard of, take up the running and secure nomination?

Doubts as to Mr. Taft's chances are seriously aggravated by the development of Mr. Hughes. This gentleman was originally run in with the help of strenuous advocacy by Mr. Taft and others. He defeated Tammany and Mr. Hearst, and that was the occasion of the famous speech which is generally supposed to have secured Mr. Hughes' return, when

Mr. Root in the name of the President denounced Mr. Hearst as the assassin of McKinley. If Mr. Hughes now succeeds in filching the nomination from Mr. Roosevelt's favourite, the struggle will become sensational. It will be the political counterpart of a position far from new, either in drama or romance, where the unobtrusive companion supplants the legitimate spouse, and it will therefore be lacking in none of the elements which go to make up a "strong" situation.

We must say that Mr. Hughes is both acting and speaking with splendid astuteness. He is the representative for the moment both of the "unco' guid" and the "gold bugs". The former relish his undoubted attachment to sound Baptist principles and the latter recognise that while paying all due homage to "righteousness" he will not disturb the money-market by furious denunciation and uncompromising attacks on the Trusts. But Mr. Hughes does a good deal more than advertise himself with much adroitness: he also contrives at the same time to administer some nasty knocks to the President, not of course directly but by implication. He has no confidence in "vengeful methods" and "arbitrary legislation"; he holds that "we are a Government of laws and not of men"; all of which phrases are very palpable hits both at the President and his methods; in fact Mr. Hughes is clearly bidding for the support of Conservative Republicanism. He also at the beginning of his term ostentatiously divorced himself from all dependence upon the Republican machine in New York State, and therefore will evade all such discredit as might have descended upon him as the result of the recent scandalous alliance with Mr. Hearst. Mr. Hughes is, in short, a very clever man who knows how to reconcile the claims of time and eternity with least damage to himself. Mr. Roosevelt has, on the other hand, not altogether played his cards so adroitly as he might have done. His action and his language have hardly kept step, for at all events he seems to have succeeded in irritating the malefactors without bringing them to justice. He has taken action which has the appearance of vindictiveness, and has borne no fruit in improved methods of business. Many, on the other hand, will charge him with lack of sincerity, and indeed nothing can be more ludicrously inconsistent than the promise and the performance of the Bill passed into law professing to deal with the Chicago meat scandals. But of course the President can plead with justice that the powers of Congress are the great impediment to any effectual action by him in all matters of State, and therefore the most interesting question before the United States is much less how far a Democratic victory might result in Tariff changes, or how a third Roosevelt term might affect the Trusts, than the effect it may have on the personal position of the Head of the Executive.

It is very doubtful to-day whether the great monopolists would object more to see Mr. Bryan President than Mr. Roosevelt or his nominee. It is quite certain that, if we are by any chance to see Mr. Roosevelt re-established at the White House for a third term, we must recognise in it a great stride in the direction of personal government. If the citizens of the United States are really in earnest with regard to the Trusts and desire the establishment of Government control both over sources of production and means of distribution, such a state of things can only come about through the agency of a single will. A body constituted as is Congress to-day could never establish it. With Mr. Bryan in power, we might see some remarkable changes in foreign policy. The sale or exchange of the Philippines and the diminution of naval construction are by no means improbable features of his programme. But the fascinating spectacle for the moment is the contest between the President and the Conservative Republicans. Is it the last frantic struggle of the party boss and his backers to arrest the advance of Cæsarism?

#### THE CHURCH AND THE COLONIES.

TO think of the past and contemporary history of the Anglican communions in the Britains beyond the seas is to recall the saying that the Church of England is the chosen home of lost opportunities. The

ecclesiastical history of the American States in their colonial days shows this failure on a colossal scale. When these colonies were in the most critical stage of their development, the infamous policy initiated by Walpole and the Whigs denied them an episcopate, with the result that the Church lost all chance of becoming a real power in that new world. England reaped the consequences of this folly in the American Revolution. The stoutest loyalists in that hour of trial were found among the Church of England men. Unfortunately there were not enough of them. It was only after the triumph of Republicanism that the United States received their episcopate, and even this boon they owed not to the Anglican but to the Scottish episcopate. The religious history of our lost colonies has its lesson therefore for the Imperialist as well as for the Churchman; it is sad that it has been imperfectly learned. The policy of the nineteenth century was only one degree better than that of the eighteenth. The Church in a new Australian colony, boasting an episcopate established by an Order in Council and closely linked with bureaucratic officialism, drew on itself the deserved satire of Newman, and failed to thrive in a democratic air. In a sense things are better now. The colonial Churches have been, though at a great price, set free from bureaucracy and Privy Council rule. They have been mostly well organised on Catholic lines. The colonial bishops make a brave show at Pan-Anglican conferences, and the average Churchman hears with satisfaction that cathedrals, archdeacons, and canons may be discovered in the Antipodes. Unhappily now and again little facts mentioned in the religious or secular press serve to show that, however satisfactory may be the status of these Churches on paper, really their position is a perilous one. Not only do they seem to have only a small influence on the opinion of the country wherein their lot is cast: they find it no easy task even to retain in the fold those members of the Church of England whom emigration casts on their shores.

Thus we hear occasionally of the religious education question in the colonies. The other day in the Transvaal Legislature no opposition was offered to the establishment of Cowper-Templeism or something of the sort as the universal school religion of the colony. When an explanation was asked, we were told that there were no Churchmen in that Legislature. We have a great regard for the South African Church. It has, we remember, on one occasion borne a notable testimony to the faith; therefore its voluntary or involuntary acquiescence in a cruel wrong to the children of Church people is disheartening. But in South Africa there is at least the excuse that the Church is a small minority amid an alien population. What are we to say of Australia, where the Church claims forty per cent. of the population, and Non-conformity is not an expanding religious force? In most places education is entirely secular. Against this system that denies dogmatic Christianity to Christian children protests come occasionally from Roman Catholics, never from Churchmen. Unhappily there is too good reason to fear that this indifference is merely a sign of the general laxity that seems to have paralysed the Australian Church, a Church which leaves the oversight of two hundred and twenty thousand square miles to less than a score of Ministers. A meeting of the Colonial and Continental Church Society this week has reminded us of the serious position that faces Anglicanism in western Canada. Here is practically a new country to which immigrants, many of them Churchmen, are continually flocking, and here one diocese as large as England is manned with fifteen clergymen, aided by a band of lay catechists. What is to happen? Is the failure in eastern Canada to be repeated? There in the past the Church was grossly negligent of her duties. Countless Church immigrants, deprived of all Church ministrations, drifted into Methodism or Presbyterianism, and the Church can only now claim one-eighth of the population. Nor is this all. She is still too poor to convert all her missions into rectories, and there are places where the pastorate of a single incumbent extends over two hundred miles. Poor however as is the Church in eastern Canada, she is



fully awake to the needs of the western portion of the Dominion, and out of her poverty contributes with conspicuous liberality to save what is practically a new colony for the Church of England, perhaps for Christianity. It is well that both the Colonial and Continental Church Society and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel have appealed to the Churchmen in the mother-country to second their efforts. There is an immediate need for money to aid the work of ecclesiastical organisation which Archdeacon Lloyd, the representative of the first-named society, is attempting in the mighty diocese of Saskatchewan.

Yet it is a mournful fact that the claims of Western Canada should be put before English Churchmen by two societies (to whom be all praise) rather than by the whole episcopate. It goes far to explain the generally unsatisfactory condition of the Anglicanism of the colonies. The Church of England at home has never learned to think imperially in colonial matters. She still in the persons of too many of her dignitaries affects to the colonial Churches that unpleasant air of superiority which found such unkindly expression in the Colonial Clergy Act. And this unworthy attitude in the Mother Church has naturally a depressing effect on colonial Churchmen. If only the Church leaders of the past had spoken to the Churches of Canada and Australia such brave and inspiring words as the Bishop of London recently addressed to the Churchmen of America, how different might have been the history of the Church of England in the lands beyond the seas! Even now it would be still possible for the Church to become the predominating religious power in Australia and western Canada if only Churchmen would realise that on their efforts in these lands the future of Anglicanism largely depends. There is then every ground for encouragement if only the Church as a whole would rise to the position. The Churchman in the colonies is far more amenable to ecclesiastical, perhaps we may say religious influences than the Churchman at home, and rightly treated he should become a bulwark of Anglicanism.

Moreover, there is an imperial side to the question. The England of the past, even the Nonconformist England, has been an England moulded in no small degree by the Catechism and the Book of Common Prayer. If the populations of great colonies are allowed to grow up in ignorance of both, there must be an historical and intellectual cleavage between England and Greater Britain that even scientific tariffs may fail to bridge. But let the Church acquire the enthusiastic loyalty of the colonies, and they will, through this very fact, be linked to the mother-country by ties deeper even than those of political sentiment or pecuniary interest. The question whether the Church can rise to her religious needs and imperial responsibilities depends on whether Churchmen at home and Churchmen in the colonies can realise their essential unity. That unity will never be realised until Churchmen here grasp that a check to religious education in an Australian colony or a total lack of churches in a Canadian diocese are as grave matters to them as if the colony or the diocese were situate in the island of England. Roman Catholics and Methodists have long since grasped the idea of such a union between sea-divided Churches. It will be well both for religion and empire if in the twentieth century the English Church can make it a fact.

#### THE SOCIAL PROGRAMME.

**L**ORD MILNER in his Rugby speech dwelt upon certain issues connected with tariff reform which tend to become forgotten in the heat of controversy. If not forgotten they are not emphasised as they were by Lord Milner as well as by Mr. Balfour at Birmingham. It is a well-known fact in the recent history of the tariff-reform movement that it did not start primarily as a revolt against a system of economics. When Mr. Chamberlain resuscitated the issue between free trade and fair trade, as it was then called, it was by showing that tariff reform was intimately connected with the Empire and with social reform. If he had been thinking only of trade he would not have insisted on colonial preference; for, taking a narrow view, there is no reason why some branches

of British production should not be protected from colonial as well as from other foreign competition. And why should tariff reform as a mercantile theory have been encumbered with the advocacy of old-age pensions? No one ever heard that the doctrine of free trade was associated with any scheme of social reform. Free-traders always argued for their theory as a matter that had to do only with the making and the buying and selling of goods. Mr. Chamberlain's conversion to tariff reform was due to his experience as Colonial Secretary, and as a social reformer who found himself non-plussed by the impossibility of raising the needful funds under the present system of taxation. It is extremely interesting to know that Lord Milner's conversion has followed on similar experience and on the same line of thought. Lord Milner's credo furnishes the moral stimulus to the tariff-reform movement and raises it from the lower level of a dispute about the profits of trade. In the prospect of tariff reform the Unionist party has the means of carrying out a programme of social reform which would be impossible if its way were barred by the imposition of taxation by which the upper and middle classes would be driven into uncompromising hostility. Its way too lies open for immediate action because it has not, as the Liberals have, to undertake a long series of preliminary political manoeuvres such as the abolition, or whatever it may be, of the House of Lords before they can deal with taxation in the way they propose. By their committal to free trade they are shut off from raising revenue except by methods which would result in reaction against social reform. We have premonitions of what would happen in the fear which has arisen about socialism. Whatever reasonable ground there is for it is not in the particular objects of a social programme but in the sort of means employed for raising the money. The good fortune of the Unionist party in having now a policy of reformed taxation enables it to adopt also an active social policy instead of being, as Lord Milner puts it, "frightened by the scare which the noisy preaching of subversive doctrines has lately caused into a purely negative and defensive attitude, and of ceasing to be, as it had been, a popular and progressive party".

The first subject to be taken in hand by a Unionist Government must be the reform of the Poor Law. In this is to be included the institution of a scheme of old-age pensions. This is also contemplated by the Liberals; but we know that Mr. Asquith has been and remains without the funds, and he must wait until predatory taxation can supply them after an indefinite interval of campaigning against the House of Lords and the Church. Probably the confiscation of Church funds, a high taxation of the brewers and publicans, special taxation of real property, and wholesale reductions of army and navy, are coming if anything but a ridiculous scheme of old-age pensions is to be proposed by Liberals. Old-age pensions is one of the branches of Poor Law reform which is to be desired amongst other things for cutting down the monstrous growth of the workhouse system. It is iniquitous that the natural end of so many hard-working lives should be the workhouse. Not less but even more cruel is it that so many unemployed from recurrences of bad trade and changes of trade, new modes of production, and so on, should be cast at large helpless, through no fault of their own, with no alternative offered them but again the workhouse. When once a man has come to that bourn he never returns the same man again; he is just added to the able-bodied pauper population whose home has become the workhouse permanently. And everyone knows that the reason why the workhouse system has become a synonym for extravagance and corruption is that the workhouse has broken down as a place of durance for the loafing and the worthless. That class ought to be but is not and cannot be at present the only class in the workhouses; and in spite of theory the workhouses have had in common humanity to be made something more than the pauper houses of detention they were intended to be. Under cover of this have crept in the extravagances, malpractices, and maladministration which have made the workhouses and their officials a byword. The question of the unemployed is a branch of Poor Law reform for which the workhouse system is an execrable solution. In the German Poor Law administration the

municipal law bringing in the co-operation of committees of citizens mitigates the unemployment problem, while our "bloated" officialism is helpless. When we have decided to cut down the workhouse to its lowest limits, the chief obstacle to a rational and humane treatment of the poor will be removed. Another matter which ought to be considered in connexion with Poor Law reform is whether something cannot be done to introduce the advantages of co-operative buying to the lowest classes of the respectable poor. They purchase their goods usually, we should think, at fifty per cent. higher prices than do the richer classes, just as they pay higher proportionate rents. They have not the intelligence and social instinct of the higher working classes who have made co-operative societies so successful. Such societies might be introduced amongst them by the class of benevolent people who now start coal clubs or holiday funds for their benefit; and we think it feasible that with Government drafting of schemes, inspection and auditing, which made the friendly societies trustworthy for the poor, the benefits of co-operative buying might be extended to classes which up to the present have had no experience of them. Neither should we object to the loan or even the grant of public money as a send-off to schemes on these lines.

The loafing and vagabond class ought to be dealt with along with the habitual criminal, another branch of social reform that demands instant treatment. We must insist on these unproductive and harmful persons being established in disciplinary settlements. They are at present a burden and a danger. They perpetuate the race of vagabonds and outlaws, and it is a crime against their children that they should be allowed to have the ordinary rights of parentage over them. Our industrial system, creating as it has done much human wreckage in the past, and as it is doing at present, has largely been responsible both for habitual paupers and habitual criminals; but the point is that these classes have become established and hereditary, and they will continue unless we take special measures to break them up. Our workhouse and our prison systems have proved to be failures. When a large proportion of the workhouse population is an able-bodied idle class, and when most of the serious crimes, especially against property, are committed by the same persons over and over again, the in and out of workhouse and the in and out of prison life of our professional paupers and criminals ought to be stopped by drastic measures. Another important point in Poor Law or Criminal Law reform, for they are connected with one another, is the extension of the Borstal treatment of youthful offenders beyond the age at which it can be applied at present. For the other measures we have urged we may have to learn from the disciplinary settlements of other countries, especially Belgium; but for the Borstal system we have the fact of its success here as an argument for its extension.

Then there is the teacher problem. Until we get teachers from outside the machine, so long the elementary school system will be what it is now—and what everyone knows, and everyone, whom his politics allow, admits it to be—a ghastly failure. To train elementary teachers as they should be trained, or to secure teachers who have had other training than within the vicious circle of the elementary school system, will be expensive. But this and the other things we have spoken of are amongst "the things that it is most needful we should do"; they are part of the "progressive social reform" which, as Lord Milner insisted, is necessarily connected with the reform of our revenue system.

#### THE CITY.

IN these dreadful times the City is thankful for small mercies, and that the Bank rate was not raised on Thursday to 8 per cent. produced a slight spasm of firmness in stock markets, which however was speedily offset by the announcement of the breaking of a big German firm. This failure, said to be for £400,000, and due to speculation in Yankees, sent Americans flat in the street, the sensational drop being that of Erie First Preference to 28. Canadian Pacifics also fell to 143½, and in our opinion ought to go much

lower, for the simple reason that a 7 per cent. ordinary railway stock is dear at 143 with the Bank rate at 7. It is true that money may be cheaper at any moment, but we see no chance of it, at all events until January. Union Pacifics, which pay 10 per cent., stand about 110. Buenos Ayres and Pacifics, which have paid 7 per cent. for some years, stand at 110; Baltimore and Ohios, which pay 6 per cent., are 79; and New York Centrals, every bit as good a property as the Canadian Pacific, are about 98. What is the magic about "Canadas" that they should stand in the forties? The Canadian Pacific Railway has splendid assets, it is true, land and canals, &c., and its shares are very well held on both sides of the Atlantic. Still there must be continuous liquidation both in the United States and Canada for some time to come. We confess to being puzzled by the statements, which have appeared in the "Times" and the "Morning Post", to the effect that the money has not yet been found to move the Canadian crops from the western fields to the seaboard. Surely the wheat has already been sold and is now in the elevators. The railway freight is an infinitesimal proportion of the price, and it seems inconceivable that the grain should be left to rot in the elevators. Can it be that the merchants cannot pay the farmers? These statements about financing the movement of the crops are constantly being made, and for our part we should like to see an explanation of them.

Copper rose £1 a ton on Thursday to £59, and in consequence there was a feeble upward movement of Rio Tintos, which cannot last. The Metropolitan District Railway appears to be in extremis, notwithstanding its electrification. There is a deficit on the interest of its existing debentures, and application is to be made to Parliament to release a sum of £50,000 in order to pay £35,000 to save the line from a receiver. In addition, new Prior Lien Debentures are to be issued, and the Ordinary Stock (£100) has fallen to 8½. This unhappy company has from the first been grossly mismanaged, financially more than administratively. A great deal too much was paid for the land to make the line, and its surplus lands, which if held might have recouped the initial extravagance, were sold to the Metropolitan Surplus Lands Company, which has made a very handsome thing out of them, and is now earning 4 per cent. on a capital of £2,000,000. That débonnaire joker, Mr. J. Staats Forbes, was for a great many years the chairman of the District, and gave the unfortunate shareholders Shakespearian quotations and bons mots when they were hungering for dividends.

The time is rapidly approaching when the banks will have to write down, once more, their gilt-edged investments, and it cannot be a pleasant prospect for bank directors, as Consols have fallen about 6 points during the year. On the other hand the banks, in their capacity of money-lenders, must have been doing very well, for while they refuse to allow depositors more than 4 or at most 5 per cent., they have been lending at 6, 7 and 8 per cent. Their profits therefore have been large, and their shrinkage of capital serious. Of course, the maintenance of a 7 per cent. Bank rate paralyses business in all directions, particularly in Mincing Lane, where dealers in produce have been accustomed to easy accommodation. The question City men are asking one another in despair is, How long will this money famine last? The general answer is, Until the American situation is relieved. We hope that it will not last as long as that, but that the London markets will shake off the Yankee nightmare before many months are past. We cannot see how the issue by the American Treasury of 3 per cent. certificates and 2 per cent. Panama bonds will cure the evil. The man who refuses to invest his money in railway and industrial bonds yielding from 6 to 8 per cent. is not likely to put it into Treasury certificates or Panama bonds at 3 and 2 per cent. It is true that these are guaranteed by the United States Government, but the small capitalist thinks that the Government is in league with the Wall Street financiers, a very natural mistake to make, seeing that for years the Government has allowed him to be plundered by the magnates. And if the small capitalists won't buy these Treasury certificates and Panama bonds, how are the banks going to pay for them? It is said by the newspapers that the



banks will not pay for the certificates and the bonds, which will in fact be a Government loan. We do not profess to understand American currency questions, and we cannot see how a cash famine can be satisfied by more paper. Nothing but liquidation and curtailment of production, which is going on in the United States with characteristic energy, can put the situation right, and this will take a long time.

### "THE THIEF" AT THE S. JAMES'.

IF we must borrow our plays from Paris, an adaptation is better than a translation, because in a translation we have the ridiculous spectacle of English actors trying to represent French men and women. Except in the way of caricature it is impossible to give a serious imitation of foreigners, whether the attempt be made in Paris or London or Berlin—the mental and physical habits of any two nations are too different. We all know the Englishman on the French stage, with his "taime is monney": but our English actor as Monsieur le Marquis is every bit as ridiculous. The adaptation substitutes the English country house for the French château and English names for French. But if the original author be strong, and his adapter rather weak, the stronger prevails, and the play remains foreign, in its ground-note, in its situations, and in its characters. M. Bernstein is a much stronger person than Mr. Cosmo Lennox, and downs him every time. "The Thief" remains a French play with English names. I have not read it in French, and do not know whether the original dialogue is as good as that of most French comedies. But Mr. Cosmo Lennox' dialogue is quite without distinction or strength: if ever there was a case of a violent meaning beating against the mild drapery of words, it is this version of "Le Voleur". The contrast between the strength of the situations and the feebleness of the language is indeed painful, as when Protheroe denounces Harry as the thief, all through the bedroom scene, and at the boy's farewell in the last act. One feels exasperated that such opportunities of nervous and pathetic English should be missed, especially with such an interpreter as Mr. George Alexander on the stage. This want of literary power only emphasises the foreignness of the whole business. Strong idiomatic phrasing might have covered the unreality, and produced the necessary illusion. As it was, I sat through the three thrilling acts, excited, for the pursuit of crime is always exciting, admiring, for the acting was occasionally splendid, but with no inclination to weep, even internally. I was puzzled for a long time at my own insensibility; but at last it flashed across me that the misery before my eyes failed to touch me because of its palpable unreality; because, although it was Harry and Dick and Raymond, these men did not speak and do as Englishmen would have spoken and done. I hope I am not insensible to the sufferings of Frenchmen. But the effect was destroyed by my constantly saying to myself, "No English boy would behave like Harry: no English husband would behave like Dick". There are Englishwomen who have stolen, and will steal, for the love of dress, but not for the love of their husbands, like Marise Chelford: there is a want of sanity about that proposition which is essentially French. English boys have forged and robbed, and will do so again, for some selfish or sensual end. But an English boy would not take upon himself the guilt of a woman's theft, because, though he may be foolish, he is practically sane, and draws the line somewhere. In short, the "crime passionnel", so well known in France, is unknown in England, owing to a difference of national temperament. If we would not sympathise with the criminals of passion in real life, why should we sympathise with them on the stage? Again, an English husband, on discovering that his wife was the thief, would have walked straight over to his friend and hest to tell him that his son was innocent. He would not have waited till the next day, in order to satisfy his jealousy by watching the effect upon his wife of the boy's punishment, a most revolting piece of conduct. But ordinary playgoers care for none of these objections.

What they want is excitement, and of that they will get plenty at the S. James' Theatre.

Miss Irene Vanbrugh's confession of the theft in her bedroom is one of the finest pieces of acting I have seen. But it is evidently so severe a tax upon the actress' resources that towards the end of the scene she becomes hoarse and not very audible. Of course in real life people do become inarticulate from emotion; but on the stage they ought not to do so. A little more care of her vocal chords, and a little more restraint, would, in my judgment, improve this striking performance. Mr. George Alexander is beyond the reach of compliment; he is in the meridian of his career; in the plenitude of his wonderful power of rendering the conceptions of others with such skill as sweeps all before it. He cannot do wrong; he cannot but act perfectly. He has provided himself on this occasion with those dramatic incidents which he loves: I can only repeat my regret that he has not provided himself with better words. As I think has been pointed out in several quarters, the detective Protheroe is impossible either as professional or amateur. Except that he is a Hercules in appearance, one wonders that Harry does not take him by the throat. Why should actors so persistently defy a consensus of criticism? Protheroe's attitude should be one of quiet conviction, tempered by respectful sympathy and kindly sorrow. Is there any reason why the part should not be so modified? The revelation to me was the Harry of Mr. Reginald Owen. Here is a young actor whom I have never seen before, or heard of, who has the greatest artistic charm. It is not an easy part, just because it is so un-English; but Mr. Owen's intelligence, as well as a very graceful bearing, made it most natural and attractive. There was a general feeling around me as the curtain fell that a great injustice had been done to Harry by Mr. Cosmo Lennox or M. Bernstein. Decidedly Harry ought to have come on again after his banishment to Brazil in order to be petted and caressed by everybody.

I am more than willing that Mr. George Alexander should exploit his boom to the utmost, for it's an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers. But in his triumphant march to capitalism Mr. Alexander ought not to crush too rudely the bodies of his admirers in the stalls. The addition of two extra rows of fauteuils makes the stalls at the S. James' the most uncomfortable in London. It may be that one is spoiled a little by the luxurious space of the new theatres, the Playhouse, the Queen's, Hicks'. But I hold that every British playgoer has an inalienable right to leave his seat between the acts—else what is the use of an entr'acte?—and being out has a right to get back. The rows of stalls at the S. James' are so closely set that for any but small people it is physically impossible to pass out or in. I, who am small, tried it the other night, and fans, hair-pins, buttons, and curses not loud but deep, followed my passage. The meanest labourer and his family are entitled by law to so many cubic feet to snore in. Much less deserving, I admit, but still not wholly undeserving of some attention to their comfort and health, are the occupants of Mr. Alexander's stalls.

ARTHUR A. BAUMANN.

### A WORD ON FRANCIS THOMPSON.

THE news comes to me on a little black-edged card that Francis Thompson died at dawn on 13 November. He was a Roman Catholic, and we are asked to pray for his soul. It was a light that death could not put out, a torch that no wind could blow out in the darkness. From us indeed it is now turned away, and that little corner of the world to which the poet gives light is darkened.

For Francis Thompson was one of the few poets now or lately living in whom there was some trace of that divine essence which we best symbolise by fire. Emptinesses he had and extravagances, but he was a poet, and he had made of many influences a form of new beauty. Much of his speech, which has a heaped imagery unique in our time, seems to have learnt its

technique from an almost indiscriminate quarrying among old quarries, and is sometimes so closely copied from that which was fantastically precise in Crashaw, Donne, Vaughan, that we wonder why it was not a few centuries ago that someone said :

"Life is a coquetry  
Of Death, which wearies me,  
Too sure  
Of the amour ;  
A tiring-room where I  
Death's divers garments try,  
Till fit  
Some fashion sit."

No one since that time, when "conceits" could convey poetical substance, has touched so daintily on plain words, giving by the touch some transfiguring novelty. If it was a style learnt, it was a style perfectly acquired, and at times equal to its original.

Words and cadences must have had an intoxication for him, the intoxication of the scholar ; and "cloudy trophies" were continually falling into his hands, and half through them, in his hurry to seize and brandish them. He swung a rare incense in a censer of gold, under the vault of a chapel where he had hung votive offerings. The incense half obscures the offerings, and the dim figures of the saints painted on the windows. As he bows there in the chapel he seems to himself to be in "reverberant Eden-ways" or higher, at the throne of heaven, borne on "plumes night-tinctured, englobed and cinctured of saints". Passing beyond the world he finds strange shapes, full of pomp and wearing strange crowns ; but they are without outline, and his words disguise, decorate, but do not reveal them.

When he chanted in his chapel of dreams, the airs were often airs which he had learnt from Crashaw and from Patmore. They came to life again when he used them, and he made for himself a music which was part strangely familiar and part his own, almost bewilderingly. Such reed-notes and such orchestration of sound were heard nowhere else ; and people listened to the music, entranced as by a new magic.

When he put these dreams and this music into verse, with a craft which he had perfected for his own use, the poetry was for the most part a splendid rhetoric, imaginative and passionless, as if the moods went by, wrapped in purple, in a great procession. "The Hound of Heaven" has the harmonies of a symphony, and there are delicacies among its splendours, and, among instants of falsely fanciful sentiment, such august moments as this :

"I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds ;  
Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds  
From the hid battlements of Eternity,  
Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then  
Round the half-glimpsed turrets slowly wash  
again."

It is full of fine and significant symbolism, it is an elaborate pageant of his own life, with all its miseries, heights, relapses, and flight after some eternity ; but, as he writes it, it turns intellectual, and the voice is like that of one declaiming his confession. It was not thus that Christina Rossetti let us overhear a few of the deepest secrets of her soul.

The genius of Francis Thompson was oriental, exuberant in colour, woven into elaborate patterns, and went draped in old silken robes, that had survived many dynasties. The spectacle of him was an enchantment ; he passed like a wild vagabond of the mind, dazzling our sight. He had no message, but he dropt sentences by the way, cries of joy or pity, love of children, worship of the Virgin and Saints and of those who were patron saints to him on earth ; his voice was heard like a wandering music, which no one heeded for what it said, in a strange tongue, but which came troublingly into the mind, bringing it the solace of its old, recaptured melodies. Other poets of his time have had deeper things to say, and a more flawless beauty ; others have put more of their hearts into their song ; but no one has been a torch waved with so fitful a splendour over the gulfs of our darkness.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

## OLD AND NEW ENGLISH ART.

MESSRS. SHEPHERD contrive in a wonderful way to fill their gallery, spring and autumn, with a continual supply of pictures of the earlier English School. The collection at present on view is worthy of its predecessors, if it does not yield so many of those surprises in the way of brilliant work by forgotten men as have sometimes rewarded a visit to King Street. The canvas by Mark Anthony is however remarkable and interesting. Anthony was unfortunate. He was born in 1817, went over to France, where he consorted with some of the Barbizon group, and when he returned to England found himself out of touch with English art, nor was he quite strong enough, or successful enough, to recover what he had lost. The "Old Country Churchyard" at Messrs. Shepherd's is a curious anticipation of the Pre-Raphaelites, and of more modern painting, at least in the foreground and figures, which form a number of animated groups in a cross-light of clear sunshine. It was painted about 1849. The artist has evidently been engrossed in the effort to catch the actual look of faces, hands, and dresses, both in direct and reflected light, with here and there a sparkle of colour that reminds one distantly of Monticelli. There is real study of character too in the figures of this Wilkie-like subject. But the artist has had too many interests ; nor has he carried out his whole picture in the same method ; the trees, tower, buildings and sky of the background look false and conventional in comparison with the rest. The painting remains an experiment, but a very interesting one.

A study in oils on paper like the sketch for a boy's portrait (No. 99) is a rare thing in the work of Reynolds, who rarely improvised and has left so few studies. Deliberateness seems part of Reynolds' genius, and he does not make of such a sketch the vivid creation Gainsborough would have made ; but it is delightful painting, and it is admirably preserved. The true authorship of several landscapes with cattle, attributed to Gainsborough, is suggested by the picture (No. 121) by Gainsborough Dupont, his nephew. Gainsborough in his glory is to be seen at Messrs. Agnew's annual exhibition on behalf of the Artists' Benevolent Institution, where the Lord and Lady de Dunstanville make a magnificent pair, to say nothing of the Viscount Downe, one of those portraits of young men in which the artist specially excelled. This last was at the Old Masters' last winter. There is also the celebrated "Cottage Girl", which strikes one as being a canvas of heroic size for its subject. The landscape background is poetic as that of Watteau's "Amour Paisible", but there is a thought too much sentiment in the picture. The early Constables at Agnew's, especially the "Dedham Mill" (No. 4), are really more successful, to my mind than some of the painter's later famous works, where he was trying to combine old grandioseness with new freshness of observed fact. Here we feel his young enthusiasm and single-mindedness alone. The "Mousehold Heath" (No. 9) is a good Norwich picture, but does not remind me of the hand of John Crome. "Lady of Quality" is surely not quite the right title for the siren painted by the Rev. M. W. Peters. If I am not mistaken, this is a portrait of the fascinating Grace Dalrymple Elliot, who lived, as Philippe Egalité's friend, through the French Revolution. She saved the life of the Governor of the Tuileries by hiding him between the mattresses, while she received the Jacobins' domiciliary visit lying in bed surrounded by candles, and by the elegance of her toilet and by the savoury smell of a strategically prepared supper in an adjoining room dazzled them into retreat. This portrait certainly recalls strongly other portraits of the lady, one of which, by Gainsborough, is at Welbeck.

To go from Agnew's or Shepherd's Gallery to the New English Art Club is to awake reflections. It is not unamusing to let fancy play at hanging a picture-gallery in the mind, and pitting old against new. It would be unkind to a club of to-day to make many direct comparisons with the small selection of famous painters' work which makes up Messrs. Agnew's show. But with this and Messrs. Shepherd's show in one's mind, one is struck by the likeness between a characteristic group of painters such as those exhibiting at



Dering's Yard and the older English painting of, say, 1750 to 1850. Portrait, landscape, genre—it is the same round of subjects, treated with the same sort of interest, seen with the same sort of vision in essentials, however modified by changed method superficially. How neighbourly would an Orpen look beside Zoffany's "Jacob Wilkinson" in the Shepherd Gallery, so fresh, so vivid a portrait, with so little compromise in its actuality of presentment! what a real blood-kinship between Mr. Steer's profile of a girl's head (No. 54 at the New English) and the art of Morland and Gainsborough! Certainly, the Club justifies its title; it represents continuity in English art infinitely more than the Royal Academy. Yet one would think that the Pre-Raphaelite movement had never been—unless a fugitive trace may be detected in the acid greens and the precise drawing of Mr. Albert Rothenstein's landscapes. There is something contented about the intellectual atmosphere of the Club's exhibitions which is sometimes rather exasperating. It is true there is Mr. John; and Mr. John's art is not at all contented, it is moody and wilful; at the same time we feel it has immense capacities. If anything comes of the scheme for completing the decoration of the Houses of Parliament, I sincerely hope that Mr. John will be given a commission. We might then see something boldly imagined and strongly carried through; at present we get nothing but drawings, which as often as not, though they have always a strange, living quality, seem intended to provoke the Philistine. Mr. John should think less of the public. Returning to the pleasant, sheltered atmosphere more typical of New English art, we find no one happier in modern genre than Mr. Henry Tonks, whose "Bird Cage" is one of the best things in the gallery. A girl in a light dress, chintz curtains, a mirror, Venetian blinds through which summer sunshine filters glowingly—those who know Mr. Tonks' painting can easily imagine to what charming effect these materials are disposed. Mr. Orpen shows three portraits. In one of these the sitter is seen in a chair facing a window in a pleasantly furnished room; but one carries away the image of the room rather than of the sitter, most ably painted though the portrait is. The other two are half-lengths of ladies. The only complaint one feels inclined to make of Mr. Orpen is that in his remarkable talent the really distinctive qualities do not disengage themselves yet with the force that we expect: he is more often accomplished than original. There are several contributions from Mr. Sargent. "The Brook" is an attractive subject; two girls lying in reverie on the bank of a stream that loiters or tumbles among rocks and pebbles. Mr. Sargent allows no secrets, no hints; all is completely, unflinchingly seen, and set down, though in a short-hand that never lets us forget that paint is paint, with appalling science and correctness: Mr. Sargent's mastery is his misfortune. But here certainly are the makings of a beautiful picture. Mr. Von Glehn nearly rivals Mr. Sargent, with whom he appears to have been working, in the force of his oil-sketching. Mr. Russell has rarely painted a finer distance than in his "Plain of York". Mr. Holmes, in his "Approach to Wastdale", has seized the beauty of a momentary pale gleam in drenching rain-showers that blot the hills; only an uncertainty or inadequacy in the rendering of tree-foliage mars a fine picture. Mr. Steer's "Grande Place, Montreuil" would hold its own beside a Constable. Mr. Glyn Philpot is a young artist whose experiments in imaginative painting betoken a future to be watched.

LAURENCE BINYON.

## DEAN HOLE.

BY no effort of my mind can I dissociate and disentangle the letters before me of the late Dean Hole\* from that personal friendship and affectionate regard, spread over many years, which was as mutual as it was deep and strong. If I pointed out what might be considered hypercritical or even defective, "faithful would be the wounds of a friend". But

for me "nil nisi bonum de mortuis". What I have in view is not only to commend his "Letters" to that large number of readers who so greatly enjoyed and appreciated his writings when he was with us, but to vindicate him and his dear memory from certain criticisms which show that the critic did not really know the man.

There are who cannot reconcile "grave and gay" in one and the same person. They cannot, or will not, understand that he who is serious in the pulpit, and in all sacred functions of grave countenance, can possibly, either by his writing or in personal intercourse, lay aside his gravity and be human. Pain and pleasure are next-door neighbours. Pain quickly passes into pleasure; pleasure as quickly passes into pain. The uniformly unbending, austere man "of a sad countenance" is not the type of man that, as a rule, attracts his fellow-men, or finds his way into their hearts and affections. It is too one-sided. It savours too much of the cloister. It is a bearing and a representation of life too much apart from the vast majority of mankind either to win or persuade them. It may be quite true that Jesus Christ was never seen to smile. He bore the burden of "the sins of the whole world". If the description given of Him in the reputed tradition of His outward appearance, in the letters purporting to have been addressed to the Senate of Rome by Publius Lentulus, be based on fact, in which the writer says "None has seen him to laugh", yet no portrait that I know of represents our Lord as austere or stern. The conception of Christian artists has been to convey to beholders a countenance full of compassion and of tender mercy, as befits "Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost". Mrs. James, in her most interesting work on the "Art History of our Lord", singles out the Abgarus portrait of Christ in the Prince Consort's collection as a typical specimen of this idea. One cannot, perhaps, imagine our Lord laughing. There is more of tragedy than of comedy in human life; and to Him its tragedy must have been predominantly present. But for us men, who have no such overwhelming burden to bear as was borne for us, and whose lives are more of the redeemed than of the Redeemer, "there is a time to laugh and a time to weep".

I have noticed in more than one instance this reluctance to reconcile grave and gay in one and the same man, though nature frowns and smiles over the same landscape. In my school days at the Edinburgh Academy, Frank Mackenzie, son of Lord Mackenzie, was a real "class leader", in boyish pranks and mischief. At the same time he had a remarkable influence for good amongst his fellows. In the first edition of his Biography mention was made of this happy trait in his character. In the second edition, however, all that so belonged to his nature, was so interwoven into its texture and made his companionship so delightful, was carefully expunged, as if what was natural and sinless was not possible in a really saintly character. Many of us who knew him intimately regret that the same idea is illustrated in the biography of the late Bishop Walsham How. He was full of humour, and had a rare repertoire of "good stories". At my table he has kept the guests in constant laughter, and yet, for fear he should be misunderstood, in the second edition of his Life all this is expunged, and we have the "lighter side" of his life, published in a separate volume, making him more a Joe Miller than what he was, a real man.

Dean Hole was a man bubbling over with humour, and from what does not a sense of humour save many! Not a few are at a loss to understand how the present Bishop of London could have brought himself to say, in some recent addresses to clergy, "that they should pray God to give them a sense of humour". But when this sense exists, and a man perceives instinctively the humorous aspect of incidents in our common everyday life, it is a gift for which he ought to be thankful. With Dean Hole it was well-nigh irrepressible: yet somehow it did not shock or offend. It was never forced: it was spontaneous. How well I remember, when preaching one evening in Rochester Cathedral (we were robed and about to proceed to service) saying to Hole, "What is your 'use' in Rochester

\* "The Letters of Samuel Reynolds Hole." Edited by G. A. B. Dewar. London: Allen. 1907. 15s. net.

Cathedral? I should wish to do exactly as you do". He whispered gravely in my ear, "Well, Pigou, we do not hitch up our surplices on our hoods". My surplice was hitched up! He could not resist seeing the humorous side of this. Many a man with less sense of humour would have admonished me in a different strain. Yet knowing him well, I did not feel anything incongruous in what he said. The same man who could excite laughter by many a well-told story or witty saying could command the attention of thousands of working men, and exercise a spell never to be forgotten over their hearts and minds. He never, to my knowledge, transgressed in the pulpit by the introduction of anything that could create a smile. For my part, I believe that a congregation never maintains or recovers its "tone" if you have made them even smile. He knew when and where to draw the line, when to be grave, when to be gay, when to laugh, and when to weep.

All who knew and loved the late Dean cannot but feel themselves under deep obligation to the editor of his Letters for his admirable "Memoir"; so appreciative, so faithful, so tender, so true. Mr. Dewar does the subject of his "Memoir" full justice. It is the testimony of one who, besides being a personal friend, is evidently well qualified to take, not a partial and one-sided view of the subject of his memoir, but such a view as is comprehensive of the whole man.

They who read the volume in the expectation of finding in his correspondence learned disquisitions on great themes, religious controversies and disputations, intricate and vexed social problems, such as would be expected from one largely versed in current literature, will be disappointed in their quest. Strictly within his own line or limits, the letters selected are more addresses to personal friends than to "literati". His other writings, which have commanded so large a sale, would not lead you to expect anything else.

He was in early days a well-known sportsman. He took delight in sport, with very decided views on what was and what was not sport. He never quite parted company with the associations of his early life, when he was in the hunting field, as a pleasant memory. On roses he was, and still is, an acknowledged authority, his "Book on Roses" being still very largely in request. His other books—his "Memories", "Then and Now", "A Little Journey in America"—were all read with keen enjoyment by thousands of readers, and a very considerable number of people in the world found many a weary hour lightened by writings full of information pleasantly conveyed, sparkling with lively wit and humour. He numbered among his "intimates" men whose names are familiar as a household word: Charles Dickens, Lyle, Leech, John Brown, Archbishop Benson, Henry Shorthouse, Dean Farrar, Dr. Stainer, the former Bishop of Rochester, and many more who enjoyed his confidence or friendship; and his letters, fragrant with the perfume of real affection, gave occasion for those jeux d'esprits which were reserved for friends. Few were more in request than he for preaching on great occasions, for speaking on platforms, for special addresses; and in intercourse with clergy and laity he was brought into contact with very varied aspects of human life. All this is shown in his letters. His loving heart is revealed in those addressed to his wife and son, his tenderness and Christian sympathy in those addressed to the sad and wounded, to the bereaved and *désolé* in their hours of heart-sickness and sorrow, when he sought to minister words of comfort and of hope. Take his letter to a Friend in Grief; Life in Death, to Charles Turner; to George Powell; to N. W. Greensmith on the death of his little girl; to Bruce Findley, on hearing of his wife's death; to Mr. Farrar on the death of the Dean. Such tender and pathetic words with which his ever-present sympathy was, as it were, clothed reveal that side of his personality which touched to the quick the same hearts which he had often amused with anecdote and jest, and were never felt to be inharmonious or incongruous.

His was no mean vein of poetry. His hymn "Sons of Labour" has been given a place in many collections of hymns; and though his illustrations would not rank with those of his friend Leech, they sufficiently show of

what he was capable had his evident gift of mimicry and comic sketching been cultivated.

His lecture, as given in Appendix C, on "The Vulgar Tongue", is a very fair specimen of his tact in relieving a set speech from dullness, and, while in itself very interesting, gave opportunities for that sense of humour which made his public addresses at congresses and to working men so looked for and acceptable. He took the deepest interest in the cathedral, in its restoration, in its services, and the same solicitude which was his for his well-loved church at Caunton found larger opportunity for its exercise as the dean of a cathedral.

Very pathetic is the record of his last days on earth. "Those last weeks he lived in his garden, and never was there a more lovely summer, nor had his flowers been seen in greater beauty. He seemed now just to be waiting in patient hope for his end. His great joy was to see the new tower of Rochester Cathedral rising gradually, and he would say: 'I thank God for letting me see this work begun, even though it may not be His will that I should see it accomplished.' Before Whitsuntide he had talked hopefully of being present at its consecration, and rejoiced when he knew that the Archbishop, whose chaplain he was, had promised to come to Rochester to take the chief part in the service. But now, though his interest was just as great, it was as if he knew that, like Moses, he might only view the fulfilment of his desire from afar—that he should behold, but not possess it."

The world can ill spare men of the type of Dean Hole. A strenuous worker, his life was a standing protest against an indolent, self-pleasing life, as the life of one who knew not what it was to be "weary with well-doing". Deeply religious, his Master's cause warmly at heart, he showed how a devout mind did not mean puritanism, nor that glossy, morose aspect of religion which in so many cases repels rather than attracts, but that more wholesome view which rejoices with them that do rejoice and weeps with them that weep. Peace to his memory!

FRANCIS PIGOU.

#### BIRDS OF THE FIELD.—I.

WHOEVER has really watched birds during the breeding season must be aware that the view which regards the female as too inappreciative of the charms or attentions of the male to exercise choice as between one or another of her suitors—though familiar in the mouth of the mere house or museum naturalist—does not agree with the facts of nature. Probably there is not a hen-bird in existence who does not, year after year, give the lie to this fallacy; at any rate it is not necessary to go to New Guinea in quest of the bird of paradise, to the jungles of India for the wild peacock, or to South America for the blood-plumaged cock-of-the-rock in order to dispose of it. A walk at home may be quite enough, and even so humble a species as the common wild duck—to make a beginning—is capable on occasion of pricking the bladder of ignorant, learned assumption—by which I mean it would be were such bladders prickable. Three of these birds, for instance, of which one is a female, may often be seen in the spring-time—as may other such trios at the same season—winging their way through wide space. The hen is leading, while the two drakes follow her more or less closely. A third drake now comes flying diagonally towards the party, but has hardly joined it when the female, at whom he evidently aimed, with a sudden and very marked deviation from the straight arrow of her flight, delivers a most emphatic dig at him with her bill, and then immediately holds on again. The hint, however, has been sufficient. Almost as he receives it the intruder turns, and, with the same swiftness with which he has approached, goes right away at a right angle. The irate hen, with her two "doting mallards" behind her, continues on her way, but her course is no longer so direct and determined as before. It seems as though the incident had upset her somewhat, and, after a spacious circle or two over the flat landscape, the whole party come down upon a field. They have not long been there, however, when the discredited drake again makes his appearance, upon which, almost as he settles, they all three fly off again,



and he remains, with that peculiar expression of uncertainty and discomfort which, when observed upon our own countenances, is termed looking foolish, and with birds has no less that appearance. Again the three, who in this instance seem to be "company", go down, and again the fourth, who is still more evidently "none", inflicts his presence upon them. Once more it is eluded, and a third despairing effort is followed by the same result, after which the hopeless pursuit is abandoned. It is remarkable that in none of these three last rejections is the female duck, when she takes to flight, followed by her would-be third suitor. He remains on the spot she has vacated, as though overwhelmed with the extent of his calamity. Here then we have unmistakable evidence of feelings being cherished by a certain duck towards one of three drakes, her admirers, which are not compatible with indifference either in his case or that of the other two. A determined refusal, enforced by a peck, of a certain suitor implies a different state of mind towards suitors less harshly treated. It implies, in fact, a preference in their case, and this preference here is a real one, and not a surrender merely to superior strength or prowess, as displayed by either or both of the two more fortunate drakes. That picture—so convenient for those who would teach without the trouble of learning—of the female sitting idly by, amidst the clash of contending males, to go off, at last, the obedient spoil of the victor, is as false here as, on proper observation, it will be found to be in other and more elaborate cases of bird courtship. That stab in the air, which, though vicious, was effective out of all proportion to its physical potency, has been the one act of real aggression—the one assault and battery—that has arisen, and it was delivered not by any male of the party, but by the female. Not one of the three drakes so much as looked rudely at another. A certain inquiring or hesitating expression, indicative rather of a receptive than a shaping attitude of mind, has been the utmost that could be detected in them—even through powerful glasses. They have merely looked towards their *Dulcinea*, and waited on her word. This word, as we have seen, has, in the case of one of them, been unmistakably spoken; but what are our duck's feelings in regard to the other two? As between them both and the third party she is certainly not indifferent, but to those who, whilst professing, or even teaching, the principles of evolution, yet believe in their souls that animals stand nearer to stones than to men, it might afford some comfort could it be shown that she was properly apathetic, at least with two out of the three. But this is not the case, for even the short space of time during which this simple, yet interesting, little drama remains under observation is sufficient to make it evident that whilst she really loves one of these two, she only tolerates the other. This can be deduced from a number of little touches, varying in their individual force, but cumulatively convincing. Thus, though as against the fourth intruding bird the other three have very much the appearance of acting in common, it is really only two of them who do so, the duck, namely, and one particular drake who alone is allowed to walk or sit close at her side. This pair it is who, when the occasion arises, fly off together at one and the same moment, and are only, properly speaking, followed in a forlorn sort of way by the third, who, rising at a yard or two's distance, keeps with, rather than belongs to, them. In the air he may draw nearer, but still this relative degree of proximity is maintained, and when the three come down again they are placed much as before. The other two, at any rate, are either always side by side, or ready, after any little incidental separation, to fall again naturally into this position—it is the third bird only who makes sometimes a varying quantity. Thus, on the last descent, urged no doubt by feelings as creditable to him as to others, he comes close up to the duck, upon which almost the same thing takes place on the ground that formerly has in the air. The really favoured drake does nothing, but his mistress—the "indifferent", the "passive" hen of the house-naturalist—turns instantly upon him and threatens him angrily with her beak. Upon this he retreats to perhaps a dozen paces off, and remains at this distance whilst the two lovers, drawing yet closer together,

couch beside each other on the grass—of which happiness he is a disconsolate spectator. We thus see that the second drake is really almost as little to the duck whose favour he seeks as is the third; but it is curious that whilst his presence at a respectful distance is not objected to, that of the latter, at any distance at all, seems quite inadmissible. He is shunned or driven off as though he were a leper, and with this strong feeling against him his own sense of propriety seems, in some degree, to correspond, since, attacked, he flies far, and, fled from, does not instantly pursue.

Here then we have a few lines out of the book of nature, and on the whole it may be said that they are not much like those we are accustomed to read in any other work. Sought by three rival males, the hen-bird, here, instead of being indifferent to all of them, as she ought to be, shows a persistent predilection for one, and objects to the others in varying degrees. Whilst not suffering the attentions of either of these, she yet admits—perhaps desires—the attendance of the second drake, whilst the very presence of the third is obnoxious to her. Moreover, as the males do not fight, she is not fought for, and the only prowess or "vigour" that appears at all is shown by herself—all which, according to rules based on theory and supported by non-observation, is absurd.

EDMUND SELOUS.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE TEST OF UNIONIST LOYALTY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

41 Eaton Square S.W. 17 November 1907.

SIR,—In your leading article in yesterday's issue you lay down the rule that, if a man is in favour of turning the Liberal Government out and putting a Unionist Government in, we must not inquire more closely into his political principles, but leave his affection for or hostility to Tariff Reform an open question. Will you allow me a few lines in which to quarrel with your suggestion?

Your definition of a good Unionist readmits Lord Hugh Cecil and Mr. St. Loe Strachey into the party fold. Let us suppose that, as a result of this "good Unionism", the Tariff Reform lion has lain down with the Free Trade lamb—with the lamb outside—and that, as a sequel to this happy reunion, our party returns to power at the next attempt with a majority of, say, forty. That majority may well include thirty members who remain faithful to Free Trade. According to you they are good Unionists because they have assisted in the return of a Unionist Government to power. Will they still be good Unionists if they vote against the Government's Tariff Reform budget, and upset the work of years?

That Lord Hugh Cecil and Mr. Strachey (to take only two instances) would follow this course can hardly be doubted. How then can any sane Tariff Reformer contemplate with equanimity their return to Parliament as Unionists? They would undoubtedly wreck the party the very first time that the Fiscal issue was raised.

This then is the danger that we have to guard against: that a handful of members, adopted as candidates, and elected to Parliament through our complacency, may "hold up" the entire party and sterilise in one day the results of years of unceasing agitation in favour of Tariff Reform: and you are surely doing a grave injustice when you stigmatise as "rebellious" those who are determined to protect the chief constructive item in the party programme against the wiles of the political wrecker.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

HENRY LYGON.

[The point taken in this letter is discussed in our first leading article.—ED. S.R.]

### "THE SHADOW OF AN ELECTION."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—As one of the rank and file of the Unionist party, I desire to add a small contribution to the discussion which has followed your recent article on "The Shadow of an Election". Since it was written the

proceedings at the Birmingham Conference have made it clear that the official heads of the party have at last endorsed what ninety per cent. of its members have long believed. But Tariff Reform is only one item in the profession of faith of the Unionist party, indeed I go so far as to say that it is only a means to an end—and that end a strong policy of social reform. The great majority of voters in this country are workers for daily wages, and it is by their votes that the Unionist party must return to power. It is lamentable to realise how little is done by our organisations—central and local—to get in touch with this element. Have we not as a party worshipped too much the fetish of class in all our party organisations? After all our wonderful reorganisation schemes, our democratic representation and our theoretical consideration for everybody's opinion, what nearer are we to the bulk of our supporters? In a party support can be given in two ways—work or money—while in exceptional cases one finds both. There are many, many people in the Unionist party in positions of importance who do no work and give but a minimum of money. They are the greatest grumblers, the loudest assertors of what is due to their position, the first people to take offence, and the last to justify their existence. We have suffered far too long from ornamental local leaders; those who will neither work nor pay should be compelled to give way to those who are willing to do either or both. It is easy to throw stones at the county-family type of men, but to-day such men in the main work as hard and fight as well as ever they did. The real offenders are the ease-loving, fireside critics, whose idea of electioneering is whenever an election is on to sit on a platform and get their names into the local press, and in the interim to subscribe an occasional guinea "to save our grand old Empire from ruin and disruption". Is it not time these gentlemen were relegated to their proper position in the hierarchy of the party, and compelled to give place to keener, even if poorer, supporters? Every year we have a National Union Conference. How many of the delegates are working men? Is there no means of getting to these gatherings a strong body of wage-earners who can see for themselves, and go back and tell their fellows that their interests are at last being seriously considered? Even a small friendly society can send yearly and pay the expenses of two delegates to distant towns. Is such a task impossible for Conservative associations? Even if every constituency in England sent only one different working-man delegate every year to party gatherings, in ten years you would have nearly five thousand working men telling their fellows that the party they belonged to really did pay some heed to their personal representations. As a party we have made but little progress since the general election. In most constituencies apathy reigns supreme as ever. There are few attempts to start local subscription lists, little determination to put matters on a firm footing, to find a strong candidate and to rely on local effort alone. If the Central Office might tell what it knows, still the old style of request for candidates comes in—money, money first, and fitness a long second: "What can he spend in the constituency?" instead of a straightforward "Give us a good man and a little help and we'll do the rest ourselves". It is no small disgrace to the party that there are to-day scores of our organisations who deliberately refuse to find a farthing for election purposes and look to the candidate to do all that is necessary: such a candidate they get, and the party suffers. The Central Office could do much if it would only resolutely set its face against these methods, and refuse to give any help to a constituency which refuses to help itself. There would soon be a change, and change all to the good. In the meanwhile the party is rotting at both ends. To those who seek a career in politics the answer is given, "If you cannot pay the blackmail demanded of you it is useless your applying"; and to the rank and file, the workers and the voters, "We will shake hands with you at election-times, and you may work if you like, but you really cannot expect anything more than an occasional invitation to a Primrose tea, when perhaps, as a great honour, the Ruling Dame will inquire after your baby". "What rot the fellow writes!" may say the prosperous merchant or

the retired colonel. "Impossible; how could we work like that?" Unfortunately the future is all too clear. If the party does not take the working man, hitherto its best supporter, well into its confidence and give him a fair share in its government—he is not exacting—it will lose him and itself—deservedly.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
UNIONIST.

#### GAMBLING IN PRODUCE AND SHARES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21 November, 1907.

SIR,—Everyone except the inveterate gambler will sympathise with your article, but what about human nature and what about human control of human nature?

Gambling will out on any uncertainty, whether that uncertainty be the future price of produce or of stocks and shares, or the result of a horse race; but no machinery that could be devised to check such gambling would be effective, owing, as you point out, to the difficulty, if not impossibility, of differentiating between the real and the speculative operator. For instance, even a bona fide investor in Canadian Pacifics, thinking that the shares had touched their lowest possible point, but knowing that he would not have the cash to pay for them for a few weeks, might still buy the shares for delivery in the account after next, paying interest on borrowed money in the interval. What is there illegitimate or undesirable in this transaction?

Only a wholesale application of the principle of Leman's Act would stop speculative selling of stocks and shares, and I have long thought that the speculative dealings of directors, especially mining directors, in the shares of companies which they manage might be checked in some such way as this. If public opinion could only be brought to regard such traffic as morally and socially degrading and dishonourable and like cheating at cards, that would be the greatest force of all; but we are as far from this as from the millennium.

Your obedient servant,  
C. W.

#### NATIONAL DEFENCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Gray's Inn, 13 November, 1907.

SIR,—In your issue of the 9th instant you refer with approval to Lord Newton's comments on "Mr. Harold Cox's theory that a country can be successfully defended by the punctual payment of rates and taxes". Will you permit me to point out that this is not my theory, but Lord Newton's joke? In the article which Lord Newton was criticising I took a good deal of pains to try to demonstrate that we must have a supremely powerful navy and an efficient army for over-sea warfare. If you should ever have leisure to read the article which you say Lord Newton "effectively answers", you will be able to ascertain whether his failure to take note of my insistence upon these somewhat important elements in national defence is due to a lack of lucidity in my argument or to an excess of jocularity in his disposition.

Yours obediently,  
HAROLD COX.

#### THE DENSHAWAI PRISONERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

4N Hyde Park Mansions, London, N.W.,  
17 November, 1907.

SIR,—Your correspondent who suggests I am inaccurate in alleging that Lord Cromer "ordered the gallows to be erected before the trial of the Denshawai prisoners took place" has rather misinterpreted my meaning. What I desired to convey, and thought I had done so, was that Lord Cromer had instructed that a gallows should be obtained before the trial began. The actual work of erecting the gallows, of course, would be done after the trial was over and the place of execution fixed. The ordering of the gallows before-



hand shows that Lord Cromer had decided that the prisoners should be sentenced to death before they had been tried. That is my "innuendo", and I regret that I did not put it in clearer language.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
C. H. NORMAN.

### THE FORTHCOMING LICENSING BILL AND THE LORDS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 Queen's Road, Wimbledon, S.W.,  
11 November, 1907.

SIR,—In my letter which you kindly published last week (9 November) I showed that the principle of "time-limit", if ever given the force of law, would be a menace to the whole nation.

The position of the Lords must be that of uncompromising opposition to this principle! It is not possible nor logical for the Lords to assume any other. If "time-limit" can be applied to the property of the publican, it can also be applied to the owners of all other property; and as the Lords represent the landed interest—their own and other people's—in passing this principle into law, at the bidding of fanatics, yclept "teetotalers", they will not only be paving the way for the State's taking over the land of other people, but also their own!

"Disinterested management" is the other precious principle to be embodied in the Bill, and is, of course, the corollary of "time-limit". When the publican's property—and incidentally the property of a good many other people too—is taken over by "time-limit", it is to be managed by "disinterested management". What is sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander. How will the property-owners in the Commons and the Lords—the Church I dealt with in my last—welcome later on, when it suits our Socialist friends to move in the matter, the taking over of their land and property by "time-limit" to be controlled by "disinterested management"?

Of course it is socialism pure and simple! Our friends the teetotalers doubtless would be very much surprised to hear it, but these two proposals are simply expedients of our socialist friends, and they are simply gyrating to the socialists' music. Again, if it be just and politic for the State to take over the business of the publican, for the good of all, why limit the principle to the drink trade? Why not apply it to the railways, the mines, the shipping, the provision trade, the drapery trade, the meat trade, and so on down the gamut of all the businesses, trades and professions, and let us revel in a socialistic State at once? The marriage laws could then be abrogated. The Established Church could then be both disestablished and of course disendowed; all social ties let loose and broken, and we should then be able to revel in a pandemonium the like this hoary old world of ours has never seen, and, I trust, in the name of Him whom we all worship with our lips if not with our hearts, the world will never see.

"Be just and fear not" is the watchword for the Lords in this and all the other predatory legislation of the present Government; and the nation—not Sir Henry's nation—looks to them to save it from the consequences, both social and economic, of the principles of "time limit" and "disinterested management".

If the "teetotalers" are really desirous for the sobriety of the nation, will they urge the following upon the Government?

1. The instant abolition of grocers' licences, seeing that they are the cause of that terrible evil, "sly drinking" amongst women and young persons.
2. The placing of all clubs on the same legal footing as public-houses.
3. Drastic measures against drunkards wherever they may be found.
4. The restriction of the retail sale of wines, spirits, and beers to the wine merchant and the publican only, and this for obvious reasons.
5. Publicans to be encouraged by legislation to provide all kinds of food, as well as tea, coffee, and cocoa, for their customers.

In my next letter, with your kind permission, I will discuss the effect upon the nation of the teetotalers' crusade in general against the trade as affecting the revenue.—Yours sincerely,

H. R. GAWEN GOGAY.

### THE TRUTH AS TO CLARET.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

43, 44 and 47 Finsbury Square  
19 November 1907.

SIR,—The medical press and profession have for some time been vying with each other to point out the benefits to be derived from the judicious use of pure light wines, and in particular of good claret.

In the important manifesto issued not long since by sixteen most eminent members of the medical profession advocating the judicious use of the class of wines referred to occurs the following sentence: "As an article of diet we hold that the universal belief of civilised mankind that the moderate use of alcoholic beverages is, for adults, usually beneficial is amply justified." Dr. Robert Hutchinson, an eminent authority on diet, writes: "Claret is probably better for a sedentary population than beer or spirits", and the "Lancet", adding its testimony, states: "In addition to the tonic properties of claret, its value in increasing the appetite and aiding the digestion is of great importance."

But it should be well understood that the class of wines these eminent authorities have in mind are not those of inferior quality or unripe vintages, still less adulterated articles masquerading as Bordeaux claret, which cannot be beneficial, but wines of good quality and vintage and absolutely pure. Owing to the shortage of vintages and indifferent quality large quantities of inferior wines have been imported during the last twenty years and sold as Bordeaux claret without any indication of origin, but with very general and misleading descriptions. Shipments during part of that period, and specially during the 'eighties, were largely blends of Bordeaux with Midi, Spanish, and Algerian wines, and it is these unattractive articles and inferior vintages which have turned the public from claret.

But the position is now entirely changed. Never before have Bordeaux clarets been so plentiful and good genuine wines of best growths been obtainable at so moderate a price as at present. The public, so long taught to believe that high-class wines can only be sold at very high prices, is somewhat startled when claret of very high class is offered at the price of a good beverage or table wine, the fact being that it has been largely the practice to quote fancy prices for the best growths of château clarets of good vintages, with the result that the consumption of fine claret has seriously decreased.

The Rothschild's Château Lafite is not the only high-class château claret that can now be supplied at a reasonable price, but the danger to the good reputation of claret is the sale as claret of inferior articles under nondescript names. There is no reason why the growth and vintage of every claret making any pretension to quality should not be clearly stated, and it would serve the best interests of the wine trade and of the public if the latter was not left largely in the dark but if every article was sold under its true and full description. Consumers would then take a more intelligent interest in claret with the result of increased consumption.

Yours truly,

F. B. EHLMANN,  
Managing partner of Ehrmann Brothers.

### THE GEORGIAN BOOM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 November, 1907.

SIR,—I am desired by Mr. Beckles Willson (who is seriously ill) to offer you an explanation of the several verbal errors which your critic has pounced upon in his review of "George III. as Man, Monarch, and Statesman."

Any shortcomings in proof-reading are entirely owing to the haste with which it was found necessary to issue the book. The work had been a long time in preparation, but at the eleventh hour another Life of George III. was announced for publication. There were three courses open to the publishers: to abandon the project altogether, to wait and see the scope of the rival work, and, if not conflicting, to postpone the publication a year, or to take the chances and hasten the book through the press. The latter course was followed, to such purpose that both books appeared simultaneously, and if there are half-a-dozen slips in a volume of six hundred pages it is perhaps hardly surprising.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
VICTOR SURRIDGE.

#### EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

17 November, 1907.

SIR,—Mr. Van Wyck Brooks seems to contradict himself. In his letter on this subject he says that "Pope himself, of all men the most 'correct', writes in No. 408 of the 'Spectator', 'It must be careful that it don't'". Then in a subsequent sentence Mr. Brooks writes "As to the subjunctive mood—the Queen Anne writers neglected it altogether".

How am I to be certified that "don't" is not here a subjunctive? Would Mr. Brooks admit that "It must be careful that it do not" is "correct"? If so, it is only the abbreviation to which he objects, and in this he has Swift on his side, who (in the Introduction to "Polite Conversation") falls foul of "Can't, han't, shan't, didn't, couldn't, wouldn't, isn't, en't, and many more". "Han't" and "en't" have passed away, but Swift's satire didn't kill the others—couldn't, for they had the seed of life in them. Phrases are like treason:

"Treason doth never prosper—what's the reason?  
If it doth prosper, none dare call it treason."

Of course, I do not deny that the eighteenth century—and after—used don't for doesn't, but I think Mr. Brooks' sentence ill selected as a proof of this slovenliness.

Who, before Mr. Brooks, set up Pope's claim to "infallibility"? Is it to be found in his own writings, or where? Swift indeed, four months before T. B. (who might or might not be Pope—it don't affect the argument) wrote No. 408, published his "Proposal for correcting improving and ascertaining the English Tongue", and such an utterance may be, in some sort, a claim to dictatorship. But Swift had far too much sense to fall into the common error of imagining that rules of grammar were from everlasting, and that languages were constructed some in conformance with, some in opposition to, them. He preferred to think that grammatical rules were founded on usage, not usage on the rules. If he were right, no fixed laws, unalterable as  $\pi$ , can be laid down till a language is dead. When Swift wrote, "The English tongue was not arrived to such a degree of perfection, as to make us apprehend any thoughts of its decay: and if it were once refined to a certain standard, perhaps there might be ways found out to fix it for ever", Swift at least did not accept Mr. Brooks' "standard of correct and elegant English prose". And Swift's excellent hardness of head declined the idea of some grammarians that human speech was inchoate babble, "inarticulate yawps", till the spirit of Lindley Murray brooded over the waters. Personally, I have no sort of objection to Monboddo's "Dæmon Kings of Egypt", but do exact grammarians believe in them?

However, I congratulate Mr. Brooks on one thing. Even if he look only for blots on eighteenth-century pages, he will find so much else there to "repay perusal" that he who came to criticise will remain to worship, like

Yours truly,  
CECIL S. KENT.

#### REVIEWS.

##### VERSE—WITH SOME POETRY.

- "The Death of Virgil." By T. H. Warren. London: Murray. 1907. 3s. net.  
 "New Poems." By Herbert Trench. London: Methuen. 1907. 6s.  
 "Collected Poems of Dora Sigerson Shorter." London: Hodder. 1907. 6s. net.  
 "In the Footprints of Dante." Compiled by Paget Toynbee. London: Methuen. 1907. 4s. 6d. net.  
 "Poems by Carducci." Translated by Maud Holland. London: Unwin. 1907. 5s. net.  
 "The Days of the Flood." By A. E. Caleb. London: Stock. 1907. 3s. 6d. net.  
 "New Poems." By Stephen Phillips. London: Lane. 1908 (sic). 4s. 6d. net.

THE death of Vergil at Brundisium is at once an attractive and an ambitious theme for the poet. Treated as a human episode with the appropriate sincerity, or with classical simplicity and coldness, as a group in marble, it has distinct possibilities. A poet endowed with the Elizabethan faculty of seizing that passionate element which the ancient style so carefully restrained might make much of Vergil's longing for the other shore—his lifelong sense of frustration as a philosopher who had missed his calling, his taste for beautiful concrete things perpetually at war with his yearning for that impersonal bliss of the mind which is above mere things and their tyranny. For the mar-moreal writer, on the other hand, for Landor (say) at his best, the circumstances of Vergil's death in itself—the voyage to Greece, his antiquarian and historical lore, his sedulous attention to form, alive even in the last moments—might offer some dignified material. The Vice-Chancellor has fallen between two stools. His aim, we take it, is rather of the second order, but he lacks the reserve and strength which are called for. Vergil, for example, has no more signal instance of literary tact, to give it no higher name, than his

"Apparent diræ facies, inimicaque Trojæ  
Numina magna deum".

The broken line, as a thing which never could or should be completed, is eloquent of that Vergilian depth and restraint which one contrasts instinctively with Ovid's superficial descriptiveness. In this poem, unhappily, Vergil proposes to finish the line.

"I think that I could add a touch or two,  
Complete, perhaps, one hemistich to-night:  
*Lo, monstrous miens, appalling potencies*  
Of godhead, foes to Troy! . . . once more I see them,  
Those awful forms of angry deities:  
What then should follow? Stay, they fade again . . ."

and so forth. The line we print in italics appears to us a supremely bad translation; moreover, it well exhibits that cardinal vice of the classical translator—a "poetical" vocabulary. It is rather a pretty idea to make Augustus take the sortes Vergilianæ in this last interview. Vergil's advice to Mæcenæ, not to be a dilettante,

"But to steer onward to some purposed haven  
And make new waves with motion of our own",

is also a good touch. A great deal of the main part, however—Vergil's spiritual autobiography, so to speak—is rather undistinguished rhetoric.

"Troy towers perished shrivelling in the fire,  
So shrivel in the fire my Tale of Troy!"

Such a line as

"An artist with fastidious love of form"

is sheer prose, and we could pick a hundred which equally provoke surprise that verse should have been employed at all. This effect is not assuaged, but rather aggravated, by the interspersions of phrases which are only poetical in the sense that they certainly do not belong to good prose. "Leal bards" for "pii vates"



"charmed cirque" for the ring of Athenian hills, the repeated use of "something" as equivalent of "somewhat", are typical of what we mean. The piece of strictly philosophic meditation, towards the end, is very thin, and reminds one of Tennyson's efforts in that direction.

With all its faults of diction and lack of grip the poem has one real merit—it gathers up a valuable store of classical reminiscence. Once or twice Dr. Warren, by dint of his considerable knowledge of Roman life, achieves an original bit of realism: as when he puts among the Roman gods

"The godlets of the cradle and the go-cart,  
Good-fellows of the cupboard and the hearth".

We do not disapprove of the writer's boldness in colloquial uses—expressions like "tragi-comedy", "there is the difficulty . . .". Such uses are by no means incompatible with fervent poetry, as Browning proved. Indeed in such a line as Dr. Warren's

"Mere stop-gap stuff, provisional scaffolding"

we seem to catch a note of Browning, and the whole passage has distinct merit after Browning's manner. Our criticism of this poem as a whole is that it has nothing to fuse the scattered elements. Conventional tags which every poetaster employs, conscious and pleasant echoes from the classics, stretches of blank verse which is blank in every sense, and quite good modern phrases that hit off the meaning very well—all these things are indiscriminately strung together. The result is a farrago, interesting in parts. It might have been a vigorous poem, or else it might have been a rather graceful academic exercise. As it is, it is neither. Perhaps it exemplifies a stage of transition from the tyranny of culture to the freedom of poetry proper. We hope so.

The "New Poems" by Mr. Trench deserve attentive reading by all followers of contemporary phases in verse. We do not hesitate to say that Mr. Trench is a poet, and a poet of marked intellectual power, although he has not yet forced himself to absolute clearness in his medium. This volume is filled with the stuff of poetry; poetry, too, essentially modern. The writer is not yet able to sustain a level flight in his longer efforts, but even these are truly poetic in conception and substance. Some of the shorter poems unite form with matter, and are definite achievements. What, however, gives their value to the poems in general is that Mr. Trench has a fresh and personal grasp of his own world. Without a trace of plagiarism he recalls several other poets with whom he shares, broadly speaking, the modern susceptibility. The Celtic feeling which has its most original exponent in Mr. W. B. Yeats, a Meredithian philosophy of nature, more than a tinge of Whitman both in expression and in a sort of optimistic, deep sympathy with the course of life, something also that recalls good work by Mr. John Davidson in its consciousness, like faint music, of a new time and new forces—these occur to us spontaneously as we turn Mr. Trench's pages. He gives us, at any rate, a new blend, with genuine feeling and thought behind it. "Apollo and the Seaman", a trifle obscure at times, is on the whole a fine and unmistakably modern apologue. As contemporary poems of England "The Voice from the Column" and "Musing on a Great Soldier" are good in their not difficult vein. There are also a very musical chanty, several pleasing and original songs, at least two poems—"Stanzas to Tolstoi" and "There comes a Moment of the Twilight"—which have striking newness, and one or two not very new but sincere and plaintive Irish poems. The image in the first two lines here—

"Ah, the little raindrops that hang on the bough,  
Together they may run,  
But never again shall I and thou  
Meet here in the morning sun . . ."

is characteristic of the Irish school. Mr. Trench is not a very quotable poet, for much of his work taken piece by piece is inchoate, and his success is rather by way of cumulative effect, atmosphere, and a broad impression of music even where many of his notes are blurred. "The Questioners" is to our mind one of

his best poems, if not the best. It has an arresting coldness, loftiness and breadth, though the idea, ordinarily treated, would belong to what we should merely call domestic pathos. It well illustrates Mr. Trench's peculiar quality. One wonders, in reading such work, whether it may not be that the age of perfect stanzas and special lines is over for poetry; whether the great poetry of the future is not rather to consist in large suggestion conveyed by a multitude of bold, tentative touches. Mr. Trench has achieved something, if only to awake such a speculation. Before we leave him a few lines may be quoted from a little poem which he entitles after the first line (in rather Whitmanish fashion) "O Dreamy, Gloomy, Friendly Trees!"

"Ye vastest breathers of the air  
Shook down with slow and mighty poise  
Your coolness on the human care,  
Your wonder on its toys,  
Your greenness on the heart's despair,  
Your darkness on its noise."

There is a readable flow and interest in many of Mrs. Shorter's ballad and narrative poems, and a number of the pages have turns of description slightly above the ordinary run of minor verse. The book leaves upon us, as a whole, the impression of a considerable literary gift apart from poetry.

The inadequacy of poetical translations, an inadequacy that often touches futility, is very recognisable in Mr. Toynbee's anthology of Dante passages. He has, no doubt, discovered the best English translators, and their almost uniform lack of terseness and gravity, set (as here) beside Dante's own words, is astonishingly apparent. Mr. Toynbee is not to blame, if we allow that volumes of selections, such as this, have value at all. Perhaps the book may deserve a place on some shelves, seeing that Dante is, of all authors, the author more quoted than read. The extracts from Dante's prose are of interest, and enhance whatever usefulness the work may have.

Miss Holland's verse translations from Carducci have more than common merit—a fact obviously due to her real appreciation of the poet's spirit no less than of his form. The original poems are printed opposite, an excellent plan. Vivid touches are not slurred over in the English, but reproduced, as a rule, with sympathetic closeness. Compare, for example,

"l'acqua lenta  
Ove l'anguilla maturando sta"

with

"the waters creeping  
Wherein the sluggish eel doth ripening lie".

The translator's experiments in following original metres, without too rigorous accuracy but carefully keeping the broad effect, seem to us distinctly successful. The book altogether, in fact, succeeds beyond what might have been anticipated, though doubtless Miss Holland would be first to admit that Italian, of all modern tongues, has a musical quality which baffles capture in English.

"The Days of the Flood" is an "Epic in Three Cantos". It sustains the quality of an average hymn-book through something like fifteen hundred lines of blank verse.

"The boys looked curious at the elephant tusks,  
The lion's noble visage, cold in death!"

We also "look curious" at the size of this work and the amount of physical endurance it represents. Many "epics" not dissimilar are turned out in this country every year. The annals of crime itself are not more elusive in their psychology than these preposterous but persistent floods of religious twaddle. From what obscure and monstrous source do these writers—no doubt respectable and amiable persons in private life—derive their terrible impulse toward pen and ink?

In many of his "new" poems (some of them, by the bye, can hardly be called new, as they appeared many years ago) Mr. Phillips provides us with a parody, which amounts to an exposure, of himself. He still moves, with fatal ease, in the same limited orbit of moonstruck notions and phrases which might at first

have been mistaken by the uncritical for the gropings of a poet. He is now a deft workman in his own specious vein. These verses for the most part have a fluent tinkle, a kind of obvious succulence, which makes them in a way readable. Such readability, however, is more remote from true standards of poetry than any amount of frankly bad verse. This is the sort of stuff: "His dewy thoughts yet trembled on the leaves"; "the cold maid who slumbers in her bloom"; "distant delicious trouble and new pain"; "thy breathing charm remote" (this refers to Mr. Gladstone, by the bye); "over her issued clean the autumn moon"; "she meekly the scarcely-breathing garden walked". Mr. Phillips' use of the moon has become comically excessive. A complete collection of his moons would make very good reading, not in the sense he intends. No doubt he has an occasional happiness of epithet, and we also recognise a certain rhetorical invention. "Grief and God", the best thing in the volume, with its picture of respectable persons, illustrates his rhetoric:

"Whose merit is their uncommitted sins . . ."

"Who watched the falling yet who never fell,  
Shadows not yet ascended into Hell."

The tragedy "Iole" is the emptiest thing we have ever read. If anybody is still half-seduced by Mr. Phillips' tragic trick, let him read this, then turn aside from these puppets who utter their correct *Phillipics* on the point of death, and take up "Fidelity"—Wordsworth's poem about a dog.

#### THE GREAT COMMONER.

"William Pitt, Earl of Chatham." By Albert von Ruville. Translated by H. T. Chaytor, assisted by Mary Morison. With an Introduction by Professor Hugh E. Egerton. In 3 vols. London: Heinemann. 1907. 30s. net.

THERE are two methods of writing the biography of a public man, the personal and the historical. The first takes the writings, sayings, and doings of the hero, and pieces them together with such comments and explanations as may be necessary. The second writes the history of the period in which the hero lived. Of the first school Boswell is the acknowledged prince; in the second Macaulay has no rival. Dr. von Ruville belongs to the second school; for the volumes before us are a history of England between 1737 and 1777, with Pitt as the principal actor. They were the forty most eventful years in the life of the nation, and were crowded with great events, such as the conquest of Canada and India, and the revolt of the American colonies. It is not, therefore, entirely the fault of Dr. von Ruville if the pages of these three bulky volumes are somewhat overloaded with matter. To say that this work is based upon accurate and industrious research amongst original documents is to say that it is the work of a German student. Few Englishmen can wade through the labyrinthine intrigues of English party politics during the reigns of George II. and George III. without confusion and impatience. The average reader is apt to become disgusted with the personal squabbles and sordidly selfish schemes of the three or four groups of Whig aristocrats who divided the Government between themselves for the greater part of the eighteenth century. But Dr. von Ruville goes through his work after the fashion of a chemist in his laboratory, weighing, dissolving, calculating, and recording results with the patient pen of science. He has read everything; he has ransacked the libraries of London and Berlin, and consequently his knowledge of English politics and society is astounding. There is not a mistake in a name, or a title, or a place. In these three fat volumes we have only happened on one error of fact. We are told on page 43 in the second volume that Murray in 1756 was made Lord Chancellor. Lord Mansfield, of course, was Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and Macaulay's comment on the temperament which induced the eloquent lawyer to insist on that post in preference to the woolsack is familiar. Dr. von Ruville

may well have been misled by the fact that, whilst the Great Seal was put in commission, Lord Mansfield was appointed Speaker of the House of Lords, the only peer, we believe, so designated. We are also told that Viscount Cobham commanded the "Royal Horse Life Guards"; but this may be a printer's blunder, or the Blues may have been officially so described in George II.'s reign. We do not know how closely Mr. Chaytor has rendered the German text, but his English style is smooth, correct, and idiomatic. Professor Egerton's introduction is polished and judicial, and worthy of his high reputation as an historic scholar and a man of letters.

The elder Pitt was called "the Great Commoner" by his contemporaries, not because he was the first member of the House of Commons to seize supreme power, for Harley, St. John and Walpole had gone before him, but because he was the first English politician who appeared in the character of the people's tribune. He was the first statesman who talked of "the Sense of the People" as something that had to be reckoned with, and when he so talked the Duke of Newcastle had an attack of indigestion, and the choleric George II. grunted and gave in. There was a large dash of the charlatan in Pitt, as in all men of genius, and he was not above getting his friend Alderman Beckford to hire prize-fighters to shout "Pitt for ever", and to pelt Bute on the way to the Lord Mayor's banquet. The City made a great deal of money out of Pitt's war, and Pitt played the City for all it was worth, and it was worth a great deal in those days: it was the suit with which he trumped all Newcastle's court-cards. Dr. von Ruville appreciates the great side of Chatham's character as warmly as the most patriotic Briton; but he is so anxious not to be mistaken for a hero-worshipper that he occasionally insists, at unnecessary length, upon the cynical view. It is hardly worth while, for instance, to demonstrate that when Pitt began his career he had no fixed principles, and that his denunciations of Walpole and the Hanoverian policy of George II. were exaggerated, inconsistent, and insincere. Nor is it necessary to prove that the sudden receipt of a legacy of £10,000 from the old Duchess of Marlborough in 1744 changed the young politician's outlook, and caused him to assert himself with more independence than before. To most young men a legacy of £10,000 (equivalent to about twice or thrice that sum nowadays) does make a vast difference. Pitt was fighting his way through the crowd of dukes and marquesses to the door of the royal closet, and this timely gift gave him confidence. But when, at a much later and very different period of his career, Dr. von Ruville explains Pitt's persistent and ostentatious opposition to the Peace of 1763, concluded by Bute and Bedford, by the fact that the ex-Prime Minister was fishing for the estate of Sir William Pynsent, we think the cynicism is pushed too far. Sir William Pynsent was a cranky old Somersetshire baronet, without children, a violent Whig, who had voted in his youth against the Peace of Utrecht because it had been made by the Tories. When Pitt resigned in 1761, because he could not persuade his colleagues to declare war upon Spain and to pursue the war with France in a sufficiently vigorous manner, Sir William Pynsent was loud in his praises, and as loud in his denunciations of all who talked of peace. Like most rich old men without heirs, Sir William no doubt chattered about his testamentary intentions towards the great War Minister; and as Pitt had relatives in the West and occasionally lived there, the gossip about his succession to Burton Pynsent no doubt reached his ears. He did get the estate, worth about £3,000 a year, in 1765; but we prefer not to believe that his public conduct towards the Government was dictated by his desire to get it, especially as he had on leaving office secured a peerage for his wife and a pension of £3,000 a year for himself and his sons.

The meridian of Chatham's career was the Seven Years' War, the period when, after much battling and bargaining with the Duke of Newcastle, he at last got possession of the helm, and proved the truth of his vaunt that "he could save the State, and he alone". To measure the greatness of Chatham's achievement it



is necessary to realise that the theatre of the war was practically the whole world. In alliance with Prussia England was fighting France and Austria on the Continent, and she was fighting France in the East and West Indies, in Canada, in the Mediterranean, on the West Coast of Africa, wherever ship could meet ship. And during all those years the avenues of trade were so protected that commerce thrived and England waxed richer and richer. Chatham turned France out of North America and the Indian peninsula, and turned her out in such fashion that she never attempted to return. Let us think of that: it is stupendous. There was a great deal of luck about it, as there always is about the successes of genius. There were the great generals and admirals—Wolfe, Clive, Coote, Hawke, Howe, and Rodney. But Pitt attended to the details of every campaign; he wrote minute and voluminous instructions to his admirals and generals, telling Saunders to sail here and Amherst to march there, keeping his eye on Quebec and Pondicherry, on Senegal and Silesia. There can be little doubt that if Pitt had stuck to his original profession of a soldier, he would have been a Marlborough or a Wellington. For he was far greater as a man of action than as a man of words. It was when the hour of action was passed and the hour of discussion arrived that Chatham failed. It would have been well for his fame, as Macaulay said, if his career could have ended with his first resignation in 1761. The rest was madness, the rest was crime.

The discussions on the Wilkes case revealed the weak side of Chatham's mind. He did not possess and could not acquire the knowledge of legal principles necessary for such an argument; in fact, Pitt knew very little but his Vergil and his Homer. On the expulsion of Wilkes from the House of Commons he talked woeful nonsense about Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, and the sovereign arbitrament of "plain English reason". But it was on the subject of the American colonies that Chatham's attitude was so hopelessly inconsistent, and latterly so criminally mischievous. The question of taxing the colonists by the tea and stamp duties, in order to defray part of the cost of a war which had driven the French out of Northern America, arose shortly after Pitt's resignation in 1761. If there was one man who could have guided that quarrel to a peaceful issue by a combination of common-sense and consistency, it was Chatham. Instead of helping the Government to assert its authority, he betook himself to declamation about slavery, which he must have known was rubbish. He rejoiced that the Americans had resisted, and denied the power of the House of Commons to tax them, upon the ground that the House of Commons "granted" supplies to the Crown, and that it was beyond their power to grant money which was not their own. Yet he would not hear of the independence of the colonies, and on every other point but that of taxation—such, for instance, as the regulation of commerce by the navigation laws—he strongly upheld the authority of the British Parliament, which he was ready to enforce by arms. It is obvious that this attitude rests on a verbal confusion. The "granting" supplies is a phrase, and taxation is only one of the many powers necessary to government. An Act of Parliament calling upon subjects to pay sixpence in the pound on tea or their incomes has neither more nor less validity than an Act forbidding them to carry arms or compelling them to send their children to school. The Rockingham Ministry, which occupied office for a short time in 1766, took the fatal middle course of repealing the Stamp Act without acknowledging the independence of the colonies, and for five or six years the question slept. The composition and failure of the Chatham Administration, immortalised by Burke in his speech on American taxation, are well known. The rebuff which Chatham received from Frederick in his attempt to form an alliance with Prussia was too much for his temper and his health. He retired in dudgeon to Burton Pynsent, and suppressed gout rendered the Prime Minister of England for nearly two years invisible and incapable! The American question was revived in a more acute stage by Lord North's proposal in 1773 to repeal the tea duty, while still asserting the legislative authority

of the English Parliament. Chatham's conduct at this period and until his death became more than mischievous; it became criminal; for he aided and abetted rebels by every means in his power. He encouraged the Americans to persevere in their rebellion by declaring, with all his authority, that England was incapable of resisting them. Strange that the statesman who had defied and defeated the military power and vast wealth of France in every quarter of the globe should have prostrated himself before a handful of needy attorneys and seedy agitators in New York and Boston! George III. was not often epigrammatic, or even ordinarily happy in his phrases; but he correctly described Chatham in these closing years as "a trumpet of sedition".

Of Chatham's eloquence only a few fragments have come down to us. It is evident from these as well as from the accounts of contemporaries that it was a style quite different from anybody's else, either amongst his predecessors or successors. It was very patchy, and apparently consisted of startling transitions from commonplace conversation to sublime flights of denunciation or patriotic appeal. Certainly some of his figures were bold enough. "I invoke the genius of the Constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns on the disgrace of his country." Nobody but Chatham could have spoken such a sentence without exciting ridicule. And it was indeed the voice, the look, but above all the personality of the man quite as much as his words that moved his audience. In the case of most modern statesmen their speeches are greater than themselves: the first William Pitt was greater than his speeches. He owed the power which he wielded over the imagination, not only of his countrymen, but of foreigners, to the fact that he did things as well as said them; and to his steady appeal, in a mercenary and unbelieving age, to the higher and deeper instincts of mankind, to their courage, their sense of duty, and their love of country.

#### SPANISH-AMERICA TO-DAY.

- "Chile: Its History and Development." By G. F. Scott Elliot. London: Fisher Unwin. 1907. 10s. 6d. net.  
 "The Andes and the Amazon." By C. Reginald Enock F.R.G.S. London: Fisher Unwin. 1907. 10s. 6d. net.  
 "Modern Argentina, the El Dorado of To-day. With Notes on Uruguay and Chile." By W. H. Koebel. London: Francis Griffiths. 1907. 12s. 6d. net.  
 "Mexico of the Twentieth Century." By Percy F. Martin. 2 vols. London: Arnold. 1907. 30s. net.

THE modern literature of the Spanish-American Republics is already so extensive and arid that one needs some courage to read new contributions to the mass. Those who, for political or commercial reasons, find it advisable to keep in touch with the latest facts and thought concerning the vast region between Texas and Cape Horn may be recommended to study Mr. Scott Elliot's "Chile", to skim Mr. C. Reginald Enock's narrative of life and travel in Peru and Mr. W. H. Koebel's "Modern Argentina", and to consult the chapter headings of Mr. Percy F. Martin's "Mexico of the Twentieth Century", for such topics as appeal to them. The first book is a serious and laboured attempt to write a history of Chile and to describe existing conditions; the second is an animated but verbose record of things seen in the Peruvian Andes and the Amazonian hinterland; the third is a fluent and rather attractive account of Argentina by a shrewd traveller who has experience of Australasia; and the fourth is a veritable morass of words with occasional hard places of fact. All the volumes are freely illustrated from photographs, and are thus of some merit as pictorial aids to the imagination. In Mr. Elliot's book the illustrations are sometimes a cause of mental annoyance. It is irritating to have one's thoughts diverted from the dramatic story of Laso de la Vega's governorship early in the seventeenth century by a photograph of the railway station at Santiago, or to be interrupted in the narrative of the naval operations of Cochrane a hundred

years afterwards by a picture of three Chilian cowboys dressed and posed for the camera. The illustrations are selected with but slight regard for the text, and in several cases are put where they mar the author's work. It is a not uncommon practice of publishers to interlard books with scenes that arrest rather than illustrate a writer's narrative, and in the present instance it is carried to an absurdity. Mr. Elliot's book deserved more discriminating treatment. It has but few literary pretensions; in style it is stiff and jerky; it is cut up into short paragraphs that give one the impression that it is a collection of memoranda—none too well assorted; but it is painstaking and informative, and fulfils a comprehensive purpose. Those to whom the history of Chile is an untrodden field will find it attractive enough to induce them to make acquaintance with the sources from which Mr. Elliot has compiled his record. Those who wish to know the natural features and economic conditions of the country will be able to learn more than they can carry away in their minds, for Mr. Elliot is a naturalist as well as an observer of industrial and political phenomena. Of the historical portion of the work we must be content with saying that the author does not seem to us to do justice to the work of the Church in Chile: a vice common to nearly all English writers on Spanish America. Of the modern aspects of the country he brings out with praiseworthy clearness the aristocratic character of the Government; it is a pure oligarchy. He believes in the future greatness of Chile and gives evidence for that belief; he writes, on the whole, approvingly of the qualities of the race, which has far more Indian blood than Spanish and comprises tribes as yet unaffected by civilisation; and he is reassuring on the subject of Argentine relations and internal revolutions, though on the latter point he leaves out of account the socialist movement of which some writers have warned us. The author does not think that the earthquake of 1906 will be anything but a temporary check to the progress of the country. He is more sanguine than the lurid history he has to tell seems to justify, for the native Chilian is essentially what the Conquistadores found him—proud, independent, turbulent, a better fighter than worker in field and mine. What Chile needs is to be stiffened and strengthened by European immigration, and as to this there is a serviceable account of the German colony in the south.

Of the neighbouring republic of Peru Mr. C. Reginald Enock writes with a fullness of knowledge—and a superfluity of words—gained by much travel across the mountains into the Montaña. He is but slightly historical, though he has not a little to tell of the vestiges of Inca civilisation; and the chief interest of the book lies in its graphic sketches of scenes and people. He is terribly "down on" the Roman Catholic Church; it certainly does appear that in the interior the priests make light of the rule of celibacy. There is much substantial fare in the book—the author is an engineer with a keen eye for economic possibilities—and very little politics. But what there is of politics is good, notably some observations on the Monroe doctrine and South American relations generally. From these we gather that Peru, while anxious to reap whatever benefits may accrue from the cutting of the Isthmian Canal, has no mind to place herself under United States overlordship. The book is infected by Mr. Enock's conviction that the "Anglo-Saxons" are the chosen people: he grieves that Anglo-Saxons did not conquer Peru instead of the wicked Spaniards. He might also have spared us the photograph of himself which serves as frontispiece. This self-conceit is irritating.

In Argentina there is scope for the making of a nation on a greater scale than can be attempted across the Andes. Mr. Koebel does not burden his book with material from the past; he is content with examining and describing the social structure now in course of erection. Apparently it will develop into an imposing edifice. Mr. Koebel is enthusiastic, not because of what he has seen of the life of the cities, but of the spacious lands that have yet to be peopled. To these he applies the eyes of an Australian pastoralist; and it is because his life-experience has given him standards of comparison that his judgment of Argentine possibilities becomes of value. But there are dangers for the Argentine which should not be omitted

from an estimate of the future. Though the country is purely agricultural the towns hold one-fifth of the population. As Mr. Koebel expresses it, the head has outgrown the body. So hugely disproportionate is the head that stability is uncertain. There is a labour question in Buenos Aires and other cities of the republic which threatens to become acute, and it is not unknown on the estancias. The people in the towns have to be heavily over-taxed in order to carry out the ostentatious projects of the ruling class, and wages, in proportion to the cost of living, are so low that strikes are periodic. The population seems at times to be afflicted with a species of strike mania such as that from which the poorer countries of Europe suffer. These strikes have a political bearing, and the Government repress them by the simple process of declaring a state of siege. While the siege lasts work goes on; when it is raised all classes "come out". This indicates an unhealthy condition of the body politic. The strikes are accompanied by violence, and an active socialist propaganda is carried on. Mr. Koebel tells us that many of the Italian immigrants have anarchistic tendencies. But thus far the Argentine governing class—and the pure Argentines rule this cosmopolitan society—has proved itself strong enough to suppress violence. Buenos Aires has now a population of a million, and it will be instructive to see what form the labour movement there will take. The republics of the New World, notwithstanding their spacious territories and the relative paucity of their populations, are reproducing with remarkable facility the industrial and social evils of the old. Labour troubles and socialist agitations are as acute in Central and South American cities as in European. The mind of the proletariat there seems to be in much the same ferment as here. This is one of the notable points of Mr. Martin's "Mexico". He refers with frequency to the activity of socialist agitators among the Mexican labourers. The question has become acute, as is shown by the number of strikes and the aggressive spirit of the labour unions. Here also the danger is political, and there is the possibility of widespread trouble.

Mr. Martin's book is a glorification of Mexican progress. Undoubtedly the country has gained greatly, both in political stability and wealth, under the wisely autocratic presidency of Porfirio Diaz. Embedded in these verbose and chaotic volumes are numberless financial and commercial facts that admit of no other interpretation. Despite what Mr. Martin says we cannot feel assured that the independence of Mexico will continue. Mr. Martin does not think that anything alarming will happen when Porfirio Diaz—one of the few great men of Spanish America—retires into private life. His expected successor, Señor Limantour, will carry things on in the old way. No doubt he will—if he has the chance. But this is to leave out that incalculable factor the United States. One has only to look at the map, to remember the theft of Texas, the filching of Cuba, the unscrupulous self-seeking of United States foreign policy, to come to the conclusion that the destiny of Mexico is very uncertain. Mr. Martin writes that the two Powers are on the best possible terms. Of course they are, but good relations never yet prevented a strong Power from picking a quarrel with a weak when geographical and commercial considerations made incorporation convenient. There will be great changes in the western hemisphere when the Isthmian Canal is cut, and Mexican independence will then depend upon Mexican ability to uphold it by force of arms. Mr. Martin's account of the army and other forces does not impress us with the fighting strength of the Republic. It will be interesting as time passes to see what consequences will follow the Japanese immigration on the Pacific side of Mexico. Mr. Martin says that "of late months" the number brought over on contract for railway construction has "materially increased", and that in a year or two the Japanese settlement will become larger, for many of the race prefer to remain as permanent residents. Slowly, but surely, the Japanese are effecting a lodgment on the Pacific side of the American continent.



## FROM SIMLA TO PEKIN.

"In the Footsteps of Marco Polo." By Major Clarence Dalrymple Bruce. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1907. 21s. net.

IN travelling to Pekin by the road which Marco Polo had taken six hundred years ago Major Bruce followed his old custom of never going to any place twice by the same route if another could be found. The absence of a definite object for the journey makes his account of it perhaps less interesting than the narratives of such travellers as Dr. Sven Hedin and Dr. Stein, although the excellent map published with the book shows that the topography of the country he passed through was not neglected. Nevertheless one account of a journey through the deserts and mountains of Western Tibet and Chinese Turkestan differs little from another, and the real interest of the book begins when the town of Sachu is reached and the travellers enter China proper. Here the scene changes from deserts and squalid villages to fertile tracts of country, walled towns with prosperous inhabitants, and a fairly high degree of civilisation. Cart-roads and wheeled vehicles were again met with, and only sixty miles further east, at An-si-chou, the travellers reached the telegraph line, and were once more in touch with the outer world.

It is true that these western provinces of China still show terrible traces of the Musalman rising which swept through them with fire and sword, and was only quelled by the Chinese in 1877 after sixteen years of fighting; but the ravages of war are slowly disappearing, and by Major Bruce's account the Government of these remote provinces is now fairly enlightened, and anxious to improve the condition of the country and the people. There is still much oppression and extortion on the part of Government officials; but such things are recognised by every Asiatic race under native rule to be the fair and natural prerogatives of the ruler, and as long as the oppression is not too gross, there is none of the discontent which such conditions would provoke among Europeans.

The author is on familiar ground in China, and his description of the Chinese character makes the reader feel how impossible it is for any Western intellect even remotely to understand them. Anything that Europeans can do they can learn to do, and they will often better the instruction. But European methods they will not have. Major Bruce gives an example of this strange inconsistency in An-si-chou, where a banking transaction with the coast was carried out by telegram as well and as quickly as could be done in London, while the everyday business of the town is conducted by means of a coinage of rough silver lumps of no standard weight or worth and brass "cash" whose value fluctuates in a way calculated to drive a European crazy.

Discussing the political situation in Central Asia, the author is careful not to commit himself to prophecy, but he plainly fears that at no distant date Chinese Turkestan at least, if not one or two more of the frontier provinces, will pass away from the Celestial Empire and be absorbed by Russia. England alone could prevent this, and owing to our policy of the last fifty years England's prestige in this vast region is a thing of no account, while the greatness and authority of Russia are kept prominently before the inhabitants. The author explains how Russian interests are furthered in the lands beyond her frontier by the Andjanis, the travelling traders of Central Asia, who not only supply their Russian masters with the fullest information, but in every possible way, legitimate or otherwise, hamper and thwart British and Indian merchants and travellers.

Major Bruce's remarks on the military future of China are exceedingly interesting, coming from one who for six years commanded in peace and war the now defunct Chinese Regiment. His conclusions are that if led and trained by Europeans the Chinese would be second to no native troops in the world, but that they are incapable of developing a military spirit under Chinese training and leading. It seems a pity that having put our hand to the plough we should have

turned back, as there are others ready and willing to take up the work we have dropped, and in the distant future we may yet have to reckon with an awakened China whose vast armies will be trained and commanded by able and ambitious officers who bear no love to the British Empire.

It is a pity that Major Bruce has not been more careful in revising his proofs, as besides a number of obvious misprints there are several instances of very careless writing, and names of places are often spelt differently in the book and in the map. The book is illustrated by numerous excellent photographs; among them it is pleasant to see one of a small pony ending his days in luxury in a fat English pasture, the sole survivor of twenty-eight Ladakhi ponies which started on the march from Leh to Pekin. The desert gods are cruel, and demand a heavy toll in lives from the presumptuous mortals who dare to enter their domains of sand and snow.

## MR. STANLEY WEYMAN'S SHORT STORIES.

"Laid up in Lavender." By Stanley J. Weyman. London: Smith, Elder. 1907. 6s.

THE professional novelist should be very wary of challenging fortune with a short story, for the conte is a terrible revealer of limitations. With no sense of form, innocent even of a desire for style, powerless to create an atmosphere, ignorant of the very elements of suggestion, a man may contrive a triumph by a sheer voluminousness of observation if he only have space enough in which to spread himself out. We forgive him all his faults, we may even find in them a sort of virtue, if he provides that illusion of reality, that personal interest in the supposed, which is at the back of the greater part of the appeal of fiction. But in the short story a man must abandon all the substitutes for art which may as a novelist have made him successful. He stands revealed for just what he is—a mere compiler and, possibly, an indifferent one. For in the short story nothing but art can avail anything: there is no space in which to manipulate illusions: the sense of reality, the poignancy of the situation, must entirely depend on the instant establishment of an artistic understanding between the relater and the reader; and in that relationship the mere fact acquires a new value, it counts less for what it does than what it means. This inversion of values may be well observed in one particular. The novel mostly works up to a climax, the short story away from it.

Mr. Stanley Weyman has shown a comprehension of the conditions in but two of the tales in this volume. The first, "Lady Betty's Indiscretion", only just misses being admirable. It needs a more definite, more serious handling of the characters, a slight prolongment of the suspense in order that there shall be less uncertainty and more enjoyment in our speculations on the fall of the curtain. But it is exactly right in the character of its material, and in a conception of the fashion in which the most may be made of it. It is proved the very stuff for a short story because it is impossible of expansion into anything else, and, though it may seem to work up to a climax, the real climax has been reached before the story opens, in the relations of Lady Betty and her husband after a year of married life. The accident which leads to the upset of Ministries and Stafford's fall from power is, as the author sees, entirely subordinate. With the second story, "The Surgeon's Guest", Mr. Weyman is less successful. The matter of it is much less suited for treatment in a confined space, indeed we can think of no one but Mr. Thomas Hardy who could have kept it short, given it impressiveness, and yet avoided melodrama. It is of the genre which Mr. Hardy has made peculiarly his own, and which in his hands cannot always escape being oppressive. Most of the other tales bear internal evidence of having been written some time ago, and the author would have been best advised to have kept them still laid up in lavender.

## NOVELS.

"The Fraud." By Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1907. 6s.

Considering the large number of novels that stand to Mrs. Coulson Kernahan's account it is amazing that her writing is still so crude and immature. She has not advanced beyond the stage of the school-girl's mind. She writes, we should imagine, with fatal facility. She cannot resist elaborating the obvious, and all her periods are pointed with platitudes. She has learnt, it is true, all the conventional tricks of the trade, and she has no aversion against serving up time-worn situations. "The Fraud" should be placed in the hands of every "literary aspirant" as a fine example of how not to write. The plot is a hackneyed one, and tells the well-known story of the wicked author who enjoys fame and renown for books that are really written for him by a "ghost". The author has a beautiful wife who discovers his "fraud" and falls in love with the "ghost". One day the "ghost" finds a copy of his book with marginal notes pencilled in. "His pulses throbbed as he read the notes. He realised that Harriet Belair understood him as no living person had ever understood him. Her spirit must have mated with his somewhere—sometime, long before they had met in the flesh; long perhaps before they had been in the flesh. The harmony of their thoughts, as he read it in the marginal pencillings, filled him with joy indescribable. To be understood, is it not one of the rarest joys?"

"The Eddy." By Riccardo Stephens. London: Blackwood. 1907. 6s.

Mr. Stephens had no right to assume the tragic mantle and deal havoc amongst the pleasant people whom he teaches us to take as personal friends. His main theme, the gradual deterioration of an able doctor stranded in a Highland parish, was sufficiently melancholy to allow him to spare the members of the chorus. These things happen in real life—but the artist does not tack on the last act of "Hamlet" to the opening scenes of "As You Like It". The reader's grievance is real, because this is a novel of unusual merit. Mr. Stephens has reproduced a peculiar atmosphere—to which the tragic note is alien—with almost unexampled success: we know no other recent novel which catches so exactly the kindly insouciance of country-house life and interweaves so naturally the deer-forest and salmon-river into—what should have been—a half-romantic comedy. There is broad comedy too in the pompous Provost who in his private capacity is the local butcher, and this caricature of a real type is so happy that we forgive its touch of exaggeration. The unhappy doctor, foredoomed to disaster, is less interesting than the genial company to whom death and sorrow come by the author's caprice. If this were a commonplace novel we should not care: as it is, we cannot forgive Mr. Stephens.

"The Shuttle." By Frances Hodgson Burnett. London: Heinemann. 1907. 6s.

There are some books in which every word tells; there are others in which thousands of words tell us things not necessary to be told. "The Shuttle" belongs to the latter class. Mrs. Burnett's narrative occupies five hundred pages, and would be the better for compression. Rosalie Vanderpoel, married to an exceptionally brutal Englishman, is rescued from an intolerable position by her younger sister Bettina, who has all the courage and determination which Rosalie lacks. Bettina is a fine character, and her campaign against her objectionable brother-in-law is well conceived and described. Therein lies the true interest of the story. As to Bettina's benefactions in an English village, the reader might have been spared much tiresome detail, as well as the whole incident of a pushing commercial traveller from New York, who is a too familiar type. The book indeed is overloaded with the sociology of two countries, and we hear far too much about the power of the everlasting dollar. The marriage of an American millionairess with an impoverished English peer is a subject of which most of

us, on this side of the Atlantic at any rate, are a little weary.

"The Dance of Love." By Dion Clayton Calthrop. London: Duckworth. 1907. 6s.

This is a romance to be enjoyed if one happens to be in the right mood, but one that does not command the reader's satisfaction. Mr. Calthrop has such nice judgment in costume and accessories that he achieves picturesque effects, but his Pipin de Barsham, fantastic youth who tramps the world on an amorous quest when the predestined lady is living at his gates, is a very old friend in mediæval dress. The book succeeds in being quite unlike Mr. Hewlett's mediæval stories, but an undercurrent of unconscious reminiscence flows through its pages. Thus the good but disreputable Bonamico who succours Pipin is a near relative of the Burgundian soldier in "The Cloister and the Hearth", while every now and then we are reminded of the more innocent fantasies of M. Catulle Mendès, who can write very prettily when he forgets to be improper. There is a rather nice bear in the present story—in fact there are many rather nice things, and if anyone but ourselves happened to be slightly bored by it we should be quite sure that he was a Philistine.

"Carette of Sark." By John Oxenham. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1907. 6s.

In his latest book Mr. John Oxenham is as much concerned with the little island of Sark as he is with the adventures of his hero, Phil Carré; indeed when we first looked between the covers we thought for a moment that we had lighted upon a topographical work, for there are no fewer than sixteen photographs of Sark scenery, exclusive of a map. A new way of importing "local colour" into fiction. However, it is a romance of love and war that we are called upon to follow—that warfare of a century ago in which privateers and pirates sometimes seemed to get inextricably mixed. It is a stirring story, but one likely to please the young rather than the experienced reader; the hero is so brave and so successful, the heroine is so beautiful and so good, and the villains are so desperately wicked with their long guns and their cunning wiles, that we who have lived in a humdrum world of averages are thankful for our advantages even if we miss the excitement of melodramatic happenings.

"The Scoundrel." By Ernest Oldmeadow. London: Grant Richards. 1907. 6s.

Mr. Ernest Oldmeadow wields so charming and persuasive a pen that we can forgive him even this book. "The Scoundrel" is all wrong from beginning to end. It is not merely the wild extravagance of the conception, unworthy though that be of a writer of Mr. Oldmeadow's powers, but it is the whole atmosphere of false sentiment in which the story is steeped that offends. Mr. Oldmeadow is an adept at skating over thin ice. His book abounds in "risky" situations which he treats with marvellous delicacy. The "plot" of the story, such as it is, would not bear telling any more than it will bear thinking about. But it is never dull, and the book may be recommended to those who like to watch the antics of an expert literary gymnast.

"A Briar-Rose." By Sarah Tytler. London: Long. 6s.

The chief moral that we can perceive in "A Briar-Rose" (and Miss Tytler's stories always have morals) is that a man cannot do better than marry a maid-servant if he wants a good wife. At any rate, the only satisfactory women in Miss Tytler's tale are the wives of the learned Dr. Gillespie and the refined David Dryburgh, who seek respectively in the kitchen and the nursery the happiness denied them in the drawing-room.

## NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Cathedral Cities of France." By Herbert and Hester Marshall. London: Heinemann. 1907. 16s.

Here we have one of the better class of illustrated books on France. So many have appeared of late years that it is not easy to remember the few that were worth publishing at all. It is certain that this fashion of crudely coloured picture-books



has been much overdone, and the letterpress is as a rule as little attractive as the illustrations. The authors of this book have been more successful than many of their predecessors. They have lingered in the localities and have fortified their observation by some study of what others have written. Unfortunately, though they always indicate quotations, they by no means always mention whence they come. Some attention is paid to most of the towns with cathedral churches, and in many cases the drawings give an excellent idea of the streets and buildings, though we think that if they were not coloured they would serve the purpose better. But those who have wandered over France and love her many glorious shrines will not be too critical of any work that reminds them of pleasant hours. Nevertheless we regret that Mr. Marshall's great skill as a draughtsman is often neutralised by the failure of the medium he has chosen to convey what he was clever enough to perceive.

"Middlesex." Painted by John Fulleylove. Described by A. R. Hope Moncrieff. London: Black. 1907. 7s. 6d. net.

Artist and author have both made for themselves a certain reputation for this class of book. Mr. Fulleylove's coloured illustrations are tastefully done, and Mr. Moncrieff, who, in his own words, invites us to view with him "Middlesex from its most familiar eminence" and to "radiate through it by its highroads from London" is an apt gleaner of items of topographical, social and municipal interest. Middlesex has its peculiar attractions as a county—"there is little need of apology for Middlesex," says Mr. Moncrieff apologetically—but they are too often overshadowed by the expansion of London. Perhaps Mr. Moncrieff's sense of oppression at the absorption of fields and playgrounds and woods must be held accountable for a tendency to mixed metaphor. On one page we read of "a new crop of London homes" rising from the ground; on another that "New Kensington, East Hampstead, or whatever title it assumes", is a "spreading lava flow". Mr. Moncrieff is the more entertaining and trustworthy a guide perhaps because he prefers to do his Middlesex on Shanks' pony.

"Days Stolen for Sport." By Philip Geen. London: Laurie. 1907. 10s. 6d. net.

Mr. Philip Geen's previous book, "What I have Seen While Fishing and How I have Caught my Fish", showed him to be a good all-round sportsman, capable of putting his impressions on paper and telling a story with spirit. His "Days Stolen for Sport" began with school: he played truant repeatedly and faced the consequences in order to be able to roam the fields and woods. His early love has not deserted him, and at seventy years of age he can look back upon a life full of joyous days spent with rod and gun. "We are all children's children of nomad fathers, with somewhere in our hearts a longing to tread the turf. That longing has ever been with me. I feel out of place in crowds." Like Tony, one of his boatmen at Carna, the reader may find much amusement in Mr. Geen's tales. "It's meself that's niver tired of listening, and it's sorrow I have that jintlemen's tales get here before them." Not that Mr. Geen's stories are obtrusively of the order of the chestnut. On the contrary they strike one as very fresh. The book is well illustrated from photographs.

"British Country Life in Spring and Summer." Edited by Edward Thomas. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 9s. 6d. net.

This volume, containing many coloured illustrations, consists of the first six numbers of Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's serial publication which has been appearing monthly during the past spring and summer under the title of "The Book of the Open Air". The idea of the publication, which has been well carried out by the editor, is to give a precise and yet picturesque impression of wild life in Great Britain to-day. This he has done by means of a series of essays, some forty-six

(Continued on page 644.)

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"Revue des Deux Mondes." 15 Novembre.

This number contains several good articles. M. de Wyzewa, whose knowledge of modern European literature is probably unrivalled, gives us the first of two articles on English novelists of to-day. He thinks that of recent romance-writers the most striking is Mr. de Morgan, whose works are clearly under the influence of Dickens. Mr. de Morgan must, however, learn construction and compression if he would be really great, though his talent is remarkable. M. de Wyzewa certainly set about his task in the most conscientious manner. He wrote to some of our leading publishers with a request for the best novels they had published during the year. They replied with a too ample generosity and sent him all. He therefore had to read one hundred and fifty volumes, and was astonished to find how much there was in them that was really pleasing. "The English romance-writer", he says, "knows his trade better, and above all loves it more, than the average of his confrères in other countries". He still keeps within lines laid down long ago by established tradition. When M. de Wyzewa says that he does not remember being bored for one instant during his perusal of these numerous volumes, and all of them novels, we marvel that such intelligence can go with such patience. But he tempers his eulogy by the remark that "the style of these books is very much below that of the novels of former days".

For this Week's Books see page 646.

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From the DIRECTORS' REPORT for the Three Months ending  
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Total Yield in Fine Gold from all sources .. .. 21,187 ozs.  
Total Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis .. 7'769 dwts.

### WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

Dr.	Cost.	Cost per ton milled.
To Mining Expenses—		
Mining .. ..	£39,439 17 0	
Developing .. ..	4,749 18 2	
Reduction Expenses .. ..	44,189 15 2	£0 16 2'454
General Expenses .. ..	75,929 7 0	0 5 10'096
Mine .. ..	2,982 8 6	0 1 1'123
Head Office .. ..	1,720 15 5	0 0 7'372
Working Profit .. ..	64,822 6 1	1 3 9'246
	23,858 6 8	0 8 8'987
	£88,680 12 9	£1 12 6'233
	Value.	Value per ton milled.
By Gold Account .. ..	£88,680 12 9	£1 12 6'233
Dr.		
To Net Profit .. ..	£24,513 12 10	
Cr.		
By Balance Working Profit brought down .. ..	£23,858 6 8	
Interest .. ..	655 6 2	
	£24,513 12 10	

NOTE.—The 10 per cent. Tax on Profits due to the Government of the Transvaal  
the Profits for the Quarter is estimated to amount to £1,625.

RESERVE GOLD.—At the 31st October, 1907, the Company had 1,273 fine ozs. of  
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### TOTAL YIELD.

Total Yield in Fine Gold from all sources .. .. 83,942'857 ozs.  
Total Yield in Fine Gold on tonnage milled basis .. .. 16'217 dwts.

### WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

Dr.	Cost.	Cost per ton milled.
To Mining Expenses .. ..	£50,495 7 0	0 9 9'065
Developing .. ..	2,599 1 10	0 0 6'085
Reduction Expenses .. ..	26,420 19 0	0 5 1'251
General Expenses .. ..	7,089 16 7	0 1 4'438
Head Office Expenses .. ..	3,882 15 11	0 0 9'002
Working Profit .. ..	99,489 0 4	0 17 5'790
	262,644 7 1	2 10 8'883
	£353,133 7 5	£3 8 2'662
	Value.	Value per ton milled.
By Gold Account .. ..	£353,133 7 5	£3 8 2'662

Dr.		
To Donations, &c. .. ..	£50 0 0	
Profits Tax (Estimated) .. ..	24,354 0 0	
Net Profit .. ..	246,820 11 0	
	£271,224 11 0	

Cr.		
By Balance Working Profit brought down .. ..	£262,644 7 1	
Interest and Sundry Revenue .. ..	8,580 3 11	
	£271,224 11 0	

### CAPITAL EXPENDITURE.

Machinery and Plant .. ..	£6,813 10 11
Buildings .. ..	453 10 4
	£7,266 10 5

GOLD RESERVE.—The Reserve Gold on hand at 30th September amounted to  
16,109'103 fine ozs.

## CROWN REEF GOLD MINING COMPANY, LTD.

From the DIRECTORS' REPORT for the Quarter ending  
September 30th, 1907.

### TOTAL YIELD.

Total Yield in Fine Gold from all sources .. .. 28,481'864 ozs.  
Total Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis .. 8'776 dwts.

### WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

Dr.	Cost.	Cost per ton milled.
To Mining Expenses .. ..	£34,685 17 9	0 10 8'257
Developing .. ..	980 18 9	0 0 3'627
Reduction Expenses .. ..	20,491 16 10	0 6 3'772
General Expenses .. ..	3,303 14 0	0 1 0'215
Head Office Expenses .. ..	2,739 16 11	0 0 10'131
Working Profit .. ..	62,203 4 3	0 19 2'002
	57,569 8 2	0 17 8'872
	£119,771 12 5	£1 16 10'874
	Value.	Value per ton milled.
By Gold Account .. ..	£119,771 12 5	£1 16 10'874

Dr.		
To Donations .. ..	£55 0 0	
Profits Tax (Estimated) .. ..	6,555 14 0	
Net Profit .. ..	59,276 10 4	
	£59,887 4 4	

Cr.		
By Working Profit brought down .. ..	£57,569 8 2	
Interest and Sundry Revenue .. ..	1,317 16 2	
	£58,887 4 4	

### CAPITAL EXPENDITURE.

Machinery, Plant, and Buildings .. ..	£1,336 17 3
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GOLD RESERVE.—The Reserve Gold on hand at 30th September amounted to  
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